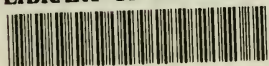


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# THE BEE'S BAYONET

(A LITTLE HONEY AND A LITTLE STING)

—CAMOUFLAGE IN WORD PAINTING—

BY

EDWIN ALFRED WATROUS

*Author of "The Fooliam"*



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

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PS3545  
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1918

Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U.S.A.

DEC 26 1918

©GLA508684

\$/.25 net

Dedicated to  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
CIVILIZATION'S CRUSADER.

To Thee, My Native Land, AMERICA!  
My heart with pride is filled: my lips exult  
Because Thou art my Home — my Fatherland.  
Beneath the Constellation of the States,  
Set in the firmament of fadeless blue,  
I bare my head and hail the Stars and Stripes,  
Proud Emblem of our Unity and Might.  
My Country calls! I give what I possess,—  
All! All I say! and giving thus, regret  
That my poor contribution to thy needs,  
In hours of peril when dark war-clouds loom,  
Is such a paltry thing  
When measured by the debt of gratitude  
I owe for LIBERTY.  
All that I am and have belongs to Thee.  
Upon thy Altar Fires,  
Where Freedom glows and glorifies Mankind,  
I consecrate  
My flood-tide strength, my substance — life itself!  
And rate not this as sacrifice  
That gives me pleasure to repay  
In this small way  
Thy boon and bounty, priceless LIBERTY.





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## PROEM

If you can find, within, a single line  
To give you pleasure, then the pleasure's mine;  
But if you fail and whine, or *josh* like Billings,  
You might (I say you *might*!) get back your  
shillings.

But better yet! Bestow this Book of Verses  
On some friend-foe you love with hate and curses,  
And your revenge will be attained thereafter  
For, when he reads it, he will die with laughter.  
And, Cheerful Reader, if this work contains  
A soporific for your bulging brains  
So that you'll *rave about it* to your neighbors,  
I'll feel repaid for all rebuffs and labors.  
Though "Wisdom sometimes borrows, sometimes  
lends,"

You'll borrow trouble lending this to friends;  
But earn my thanks if, when you've praised or  
shown it,

You'll sit upon the lid and never loan it:  
For ev'ry copy sold, thru friends or slapbacks,  
Just puts Mo'lasses on my buckwheat flapjacks.  
And, Critic Friend, who halts Ambition's flight  
And ties the can to Aspiration's kite,  
Pray recollect that when *you* plied the pen  
And had some stuff accepted now and then,  
Your tales, O! Henry, did not prove inviting  
Or else you'd be no Cynic but still writing.



THE BEE'S BAYONET





## BEHOLD A MAN!

There stands a MAN! unyielding and defiant,  
A master LEADER, bold and self-reliant.  
He seeks no conquest but his lance is set  
Against the ruthless Despot's parapet.  
Alert and conscious of his strength, his thrust  
Is sure and timely, for his cause is just.  
Invincible, he rallies to his cause  
Those who love Justice and respect the laws.  
To skulking traitors and to spying foes  
He shows no mercy, but his heart o'erflows  
For those oppressed, who live, nay! who exist  
Where arrogance and tyranny persist:  
But, tho distressed by all this human grief,  
He weeps not idly, but *compels* relief:  
And those he serves by act or speech or pen,  
One Hundred Million *freemen*, shout, AMEN!  
"Safe for Democracy the world must be,  
And all its bonded peoples shall be free!"  
So spake the MAN: America thus voiced  
Its ultimatum, and the Earth rejoiced!  
Intensely human, cast from mortal clay  
In Nature's mould, one epoch-making day,  
Behold a MAN! he seems a higher sort,  
Refined with purest gold from God's Retort  
And filled with skill and wisdom, Heaven-sent:  
God bless and keep our peerless PRESIDENT!

## THE JULOGY

To those who never heard my Songs before,  
And those *who have*, and *want to nevermore*,  
This Rhapsody, with all its pithy phrases,  
Has passed the Censors with the highest praises.  
Released by favor of the Board's caprice,  
It takes its proper place — a masterpiece!  
Soft pedal, please! The Knockers are outclassed,  
And Genius finds its recompense at last!  
Whene'er I read about this war-time pelf  
It makes me sick: I can't contain myself!  
The profits on the *die*-stuffs sent to France  
Make Croesus' wealth a trifling circumstance;  
And what the Farmers get for mules and wheat  
Makes fortunes hitherto quite obsolete.  
In by-gone days the Bards were praised and pensioned  
Who now are at the Front — and rarely mentioned:  
And all these hardships they endure while men  
*Who write big checks*, thus scandalize the pen.  
The Writers should throw off their yokes and collars  
And drill their brains to cultivate the dollars.  
The talents they possess are strictly mental  
And can't be utilized for food and rental.  
Their thoughts are capital, but who'll invest  
In Sonnet Stock without some *interest*?

Or who'd take stock in Poem Plants? Alack!

He who invests expects the yellowback.

But here I'm talking *money*: what a joke

For one to thus discourse who's always broke!

Since "money talks" we'll suffer it to speak,—

"I am the thing that countless millions seek;

Greed's inspiration, Evil's very root,

The Nemesis of those in my pursuit.

Kings pay me homage, pawn their crowns to me

And, deathless, I enslave their progeny.

Men famed for noble deeds, who court my smile,

Ofttimes surrender probity to guile:

Who, needy, follows my uncertain path,

I may elude and favor him who hath,—

For I have wings, and lightning speeds my  
flight,—

Wealthy to-day, a pauper overnight!

The Ticker tells the tale from day to day:

Brings joy to some, to others dire dismay."

This Work is copyrighted just to show

To what low depths the Pirate Press will go.

They borrow thunder from the Vulcan forge,

Then draw the fire and put the smut on George.

Each song or verse, it seems to me, should be

Distinguished by originality

If nothing else (the matter may be sloppy,—  
But that's no matter if there's ample copy)

So that the Author's face could be unmasked  
And recognized without a question asked ;

Or, so identify Calliope  
By strident notes of high-toned quality ;

Or thus detect some Poet's " fist " and style  
By I. O. U.'s unhonored yet awhile.

The Pirates thus would cease perforce their trade,  
And Bacon would not be confused with Ade.

In all my songs I do the work myself,  
And draw no inspiration from the Shelf.

Perhaps my lines would be more read, if cribbed,  
But George and I, you know, have never fibbed,

And what is more, I think my lines are sweeter  
Than those of Dante, with infernal meter ;

And more heroic, and not half so sad  
As Homer's couplets in the *Illiad* ;

And far more musical and much prettier  
Than those by Tennyson or by Whittier.

Each bar is known to me, its licensee,  
And ev'ry note has had my scrutiny :

I also watch my pauses, moods and tenses,  
And have no words with fair amanuenses.

If you could see my workshop (do not ask it!)  
You'd find more " carbons " in my paper-basket,

---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

More rough, unpolished diamonds there im-  
mured

Than you, Dear Reader, ever have endured.

I have no Jewish blood, not e'en a strain:

That's what I lack! If ever born again

I'd requisition Hebrew sire and dam,  
Something akin, methinks, to Abraham,

And take these "jewels," doomed unseen to flash,  
Gloss o'er their flaws, and turn them into cash.

Here's where I doff my bonnet to the Jew!

Tho' sore oppressed they're still the Chosen Few:

A *few* in numbers but a mighty host

When reckoned by the things that count the most,—

I mean *achievements*, won by toilsome stages

In spite of persecutions thru the Ages.

I see these Davids watching o'er their flocks

In Palestine. (To-day they watch their stocks

And clip the coupons from their bonds, you see,

Just as they sheared the lambs in Galilee.)

*There* milk and honey in abundance vied

To keep the Simple Simons satisfied;

But *here* to luxuries the Josephs cling,

And milk the honey from most everything.

Time was when you were treated with disdain

But now the tune is quite a changed refrain,

---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

And Gentiles everywhere take special pains  
To pay respectful tribute to your brains!  
Behold your ancient hills and rugged rocks;  
Your fruitful valleys with their golden shocks  
Of Grain that, grouped around the stately dates,  
Seem to defy the *threshing* that awaits!  
Here olives ripen 'neath the summer skies  
And yield rich oil,—first Standard Oil supplies;  
'Twas here the mighty Samson filled with awe  
The Philistines and flayed them with his jaw;  
(No man before, or since, thus courted fame,  
For woman holds these records in *her* name.)  
And here wise Solomon refused the vote  
In statecraft matters to the Petticoat;  
But when the Referendum was installed  
The wise old King's objection was Recalled.  
And then there's David caring for his sheep,  
And big Goliath (*rocking* him to sleep).  
There Japheth, Shem and Ham are; Ham tabooed  
By Moses in his Treatises on Food;  
And Jehu with his pair of chestnut colts  
Trotting the highway down like thunderbolts.  
If Jehu *reined* to-day he'd swap his stable  
For high-power Auto, with a foreign label,  
And hold the record for the Shore Road trip  
From Tyre to Sidon at a lightning clip,—

And make his whiskers, driven by the breeze,  
Look like a storm-tossed frigate on the seas.  
There's Jacob, dreaming, seeing more than Esau,  
And giving him the double-cross and hee-haw;  
Obtaining Esau's birthright (Silly Dupe!)  
For three brass spheroids and a bowl of soup.  
He traded for it — didn't have to buy it!  
'Cause Brother Hairy, glutton, wouldn't diet.  
But "chickens come back home to roost," forsooth,  
And Jacob in his dotage learned this truth,  
When Leah's sons, of ordinary clay,  
Put Rachel's Joseph in the consommé.

As Financiers the palm has been bestowed,  
In panegyric, melody and ode,  
On Jacob's sons. The caravans, that passed  
Thru burning sands, from cities far and vast,  
Into their land that teemed with grain and gold,  
Were richly laden. Thus they bought and sold,  
Exchanging corn and cattle, hides and honey  
For finest silks and linens, gems and money,—  
Until, thru bargain-insight, skill and daring,  
They cornered all the fabrics used for wearing,  
And then proceeded, with discerning lust,  
To hump themselves and form a Camel Trust.  
The Traders who had plied this Cargo Route

Could never, in their deals, get cash to boot  
From Jacob's sons. Sometimes a fleece or skin,  
Of little size and worth, would be thrown in,  
But shekels — No! And so the nomad Sheik  
In quest of easy picking; Turk and Greek;  
The wily Fellah from the distant Nile  
Whose gaudy gewgaw "gems" reflect his guile;  
The sleepy Peddlers from the Land of Nod,  
Who still shekinah on ancestral sod;  
And all the Wise Men from the Eastern marts  
Who plan their ventures by the Astral charts,  
Plotted and vowed, by Imps and Endor Witches,  
To wrest from Jacobs Brothers all their riches.  
So, working now with Bulls, anon with Bears;  
Rigging the market to advance their wares  
Or to depress the House of Jacobs' shares,  
It looked as if the plotters might make good  
Against the unsuspecting Brotherhood.  
But patiently the Brethren stood their ground,  
Unmindful of the rumors passed around,  
Or baits to tempt-Cupidity thrown out,  
That throttle Judgment and put Sense to rout,—  
Until the market, unsupported, broke:  
Then, feigning sleep, they suddenly awoke  
And took possession of the Stock Exchange.  
Like beaten curs or mongrels with the mange



---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

The Plotters cringed. The *Shorts* in wild dismay  
To cover ran, but Zounds! they had to pay  
Four prices to the Brethren who controlled  
The entire issue of the short stock sold.  
And thus the Brethren made a tidy sum,  
Keeping their standing in Financialdom.  
Keen businessmen, they sold or bought as well,  
But never showed *anxiety* to sell.

So Jacob's Sons became, as was their bent,  
The mighty Merchants of the Orient.  
No goose that ever layed a golden egg  
Would needs have come to one of them to beg  
For life or respite. "Nay! Lay on, Good Goose!  
We'll shield thee and thy gander from abuse!"  
Long-headed and kind-hearted, in such cases  
Their noses were not lopped to spite their faces.  
Too wise they were: they had too good a teacher  
To make the nose too prominent a feature!  
While yet the goose was itching for the nest  
They egged her on and Quack! she did the rest.  
A goose she would appear to give so much  
To those who had — but Life is ever such.  
But Jacob's Sons like Isaac, sturdy Oak,  
Made no complaint but bore their golden yolk,  
And, thrifty men, in many baskets stored

The golden ovals and increased their hoard.  
And so their nests were feathered, as we know,  
But cautious men they were, who didn't crow.  
And so we see them on the filmy screens,  
Matching their talents 'gainst the Philistines:  
And looking close, we notice that the Brothers  
Have bigger *stacks* before them than the others.

And then there's Job, the Paradox, who toils  
To show good humor when beset by boils;  
And Jinxy Jonah, ducked and rudely whaled,  
Because he had no passport when he sailed.  
(Whene'er I see the Ocean Mammal spout  
Methinks it's habit — *spewing Jonah out.*)  
Delilah's "next"! Tonsorial Adept —  
A cutting up while headstrong Samson slept.  
Shear nonsense — that man's vigor could be sapped  
Because he had a haircut when he napped,  
Or lose his nerve, e'en at the yawning grave,  
Tho' just escaping by the closest shave.  
With Samson's case a multitude compare,  
For men miss greatness ofttimes by a hair.  
'Twas his conceit that made him lose his nerve,  
As long-haired, whiskered men, bereft, deserve.  
The facts are these: that Samson used to wear  
A wig with ringlets, 'cause his head was bare.

---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

One night, in playful mood, Delilah stole  
Up to his cot and touched the poor old soul  
For his toupee. He woke, chagrined, and fled  
Because his capillary roots were dead.  
What transformation! Thus the Man of Might  
Became a pussyfooter overnight,  
And went to writing verses from that minute  
Finding his strength, not *on* his head, but *in* it.

Of all your rulers, Roman, Jew or Fezzar,  
The first or most pronounced is Nebu'nezzar.  
(*Too long* this monstrous name has been derided,  
And so the *chad*, for rhythm, is elided.)  
"Neb" is enough, for short, and apropos  
Of Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego,  
The King waxed wroth because these three live  
wires

Passed thru his melting pots and furnace fires  
Without a burn: remarkable endurance!  
Because protected by good Fire Insurance.  
He paid the price for arson ere he died,  
Was kept lit up and rightly classified  
Among the beasts: and now that all is over  
'Tis safe to say he did not live in clover,  
But roamed the pastures, when he lost his pull,  
And grazed himself to death: he was *some* bull.

Then next we come to Ruth, the Moabite:  
Her husband Chilion (not her!) one night  
Blew out the gas, and Ruth was thus bereft;  
But Naomi, her Ma-in-Law, was left  
To comfort her: and jolly well she did it!  
For Ruth's great grief soon ceased or else she hid it.  
Then to Naomi's Land the two repaired,  
Their love enhanced by sorrows they had shared.  
And so the elder of the widowed twain  
Set out to find, for Ruth, another swain;  
And all her schemes, 'tis said, succeeded so as  
To marry Ruth to wealthy kinsman Boaz.  
Unselfish? No! *She* was too old to wed,  
So Ruth agreed to give her board and bed,  
Trusting to Boaz not to spoil her plan  
Who swallowed hook and line like any man.  
The attic room, or one just off the hall,  
Was where Naomi nightly had to crawl;  
And all her meals, unleavened bread and 'taters,  
Were eaten in the kitchen with the waiters,—  
For Boaz, when the honeymoon was spent,  
Tightened his purse-strings — wouldn't spend a  
cent!  
And Naomi as welcome was, I think,  
As hungry roaches in the kitchen sink.  
This is the only case,— I know no other!

Where widowed wife abided husband's mother ;  
Or, where a woman, in such circumstance,  
Would give her son's relict another chance.

There's Baal and those exalting Gods of brass ;  
And Balaam, Prophet : but we'll let him pass !  
And John the Baptist, man who lost his head  
To fair Salomé, tho she cut him dead.  
There's Absalom the Vain, whose hair was long,  
Who, in the final parting, got in wrong :  
And Pharaoh, with chariots and fighters  
Pursuing Moses and the Israeliters ;  
Who, half-seas over, when the King dropped in,  
Punished the latter for his divers sin,  
And rescued on the Red Sea bar his folk,  
Athirst for freedom from the Ptolemy yoke.

While yet the rushes bent beneath the blast  
Of Red Sea winds, a prodigy was cast.  
(From common *mold*, perhaps, but 'tis enough  
To know that he was made of proper stuff.)  
And little did the Tempest wot his noise  
Was silence likened to the bawling boy's.  
The Earth breathed on the shape and gave it speech,  
Or something vocally akin, a screech.  
Thus Moses had his coming out — and lo !

He rushed into the arms of Fairy O  
(Daughter of Pharaoh, the mighty King)  
Who bore him to the Palace 'neath her wing.  
Fed on the Milk of Kindness to begin,  
With Medica Materia thrown in,  
He grew until appointed, by decree,  
To Little Egypt, Princess, the M.D.  
Thus Doctor Moses hung his shingle out,  
And soon his fame was heralded about.  
To doctors since, no fame like his doth cling:  
No Specialist: he doctored everything!  
He analyzed and stopped the human leak;  
(His patience was rewarded, so to speak)  
He charged his people to eschew the swine,  
And made the Ten Commandments seem benign.  
Not only as Physician did he rate,  
But as a Surgeon: he could amputate!  
He cut off Pharaoh in his pursuit  
And, by this operation, gained repute.  
He set his people right and made no bones  
Of driving lepers from the Safety Zones;  
He gave them tablets for their moral healing,  
Knowing their pulses without even feeling.  
His praises now resound from every lip  
Because he saved the Jews from Phar'oh's grippe.  
Still 'long the Nile the pink-winged curlews flock

---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

Where Moses took his henchmen out of hock;  
The minions of Æolus hurtle on,  
Leaving a trail of foam the waves upon,—  
Stopping anon, where restless driftwood crushes  
The lotus pads that hover near the rushes,  
To chant a requiem and breathe a prayer  
Over the spot that cradled Moses there.  
If modern doctors would obey the rule  
Of common sense prescribed by Moses' School;  
If they would note our pulses and our looks  
Instead of feeling of our pocket-books  
And judging circulation by the latter,  
We'd sometimes know, perhaps, just what's the  
matter.

What doctor now would diagnosis make  
And call it simple, old-time belly-ache,  
Charging a trifling fee to cure the pain?  
Ah, no! those days will not return again!  
No more, alas! will green-fruit cramps delight us,  
For colic now is styled appendicitis.  
By leaps and bounds have grown the "trifling  
fees";  
"Five hundred!" now, succeeds "One Dollar,  
please!"  
And germs, in league with doctors, have their sta-  
tion

At vital points to force inoculation,  
So that our Systems pay a pretty price  
For ev'ry nostrum, ev'ry fake device  
Known to the School of Quacks: and so we suffer  
Imposed upon by patentee and duffer.  
O, for a Moses! That's our crying need —  
To cure Physicians of unbridled greed  
And probe, no matter where it hurts, the cause  
Of Doctors' strange immunity from laws.  
O! for an instrument — an act or sermon —  
Of Moses' kind — to cut the germ from German!  
And lead them from the Wilderness of Vice  
Whose hearts were warm but now have turned to  
ice!

All these and many more increase the lustre  
Distinguishing this brilliant Jewish cluster.  
And Abraham? We save him for the last,  
Tho first in line, renowned Iconoclast.  
Of all the Israelites, the men of mark,  
Who else compares with this grand Patriarch?  
And who besides, of all the racial roots,  
Developed half the lusty leaves and shoots,  
Strong limbs and branches, virile seed? *some* trunk!  
The Ark, with all this luggage, would have sunk!  
And so 'twere well the Deluge didst o'erwhelm



The Earth, ere this, with Noah at the helm,  
Else to preserve the chosen and elite  
Of Israel's line would needs have taxed a fleet.

I love these ancient tribesmen who illumine  
The Archives of the Past: they were so human!  
Their frailties were but habits of the Race  
Since Father Adam set the human pace  
Hitched up with Eve who, chafing at the bit,  
Did well her part or bit, in spite of it.  
But all their mortal weaknesses were nil  
Compared with virtues that their Records fill;  
And good or bad, or medium or fair,  
No Tribe excelled their morals anywhere.  
They freely gave their tithes, but did it pay  
To advertise their wealth? a give away!  
And so their pockets have been worn and frayed  
By frequent contributions they have made  
To Charity and Church. I hope and pray  
They've saved a little for a rainy day!  
I think they have! for Money talked,— confessed  
That Hebrews were the ones he liked the best,  
Because they never slighted or abused him,  
And always were so careful how they used him.

And so, O Sons of Abraham, I say  
You've come into your own and come to stay!

The Promised Land is yours, but what is more,  
The Earth and Seas and Skies with all their store.  
You wandered from Judea, but why care?  
Because your home is here as well as there;  
And we would miss you just as much, I vum,  
As those who wait you in Capernaum;  
For Broadway would despair and sackcloth don  
If you should leave New York for Ascalon.

No more, thank God! will Infidels profane  
Jerusalem. For centuries the stain  
Of Turkish rule has laid its unclean hand  
Upon the Altars of the Holy Land.  
But now the Prophet's promise is fulfilled,  
And Jews and Gentiles are rejoiced and thrilled  
As Men of Allenby, God's Sword, restore  
The Holy City: *yours* forevermore.

## ENGLAND

O, Mighty Atlas, thou hast borne the load  
Of hapless peoples smarting from the goad  
Of Tyranny, until thy giant strength  
Seems overtaxed and doomed to break at length.  
Unless thy vim endures with steadfast force;  
Unless thy Ship of State keeps on its course;  
Unless thou gird thy loins and stand astride,  
Colossus-like, the struggles that betide —  
While all the Furies strive, the Turk and Hun,  
To sap thy power — undo what thou hast done —  
Of what avail will all thy efforts be  
Against the tottering walls of Tyranny?  
And to what purpose will have lived thy men  
Who won imposing fame with sword or pen?  
And what, I pray, will all thy thousands slain  
Avail thy Empire if they've died in vain?

## PREPAREDNESS

The Ostrich has his wings, but not for flight;  
He flies *on foot* when danger is in sight;  
His mate lays eggs upon the desert reaches  
And "sands" them over when the leopard screeches.

The eggs, thus mounded, fall an easy prey  
To feline foragers who slink that way.

The Ostrich, thus, guards not his nest: instead  
He hides, in burning sands, his shameless head  
And lets his monoplane and rudder be  
Stripped of their plumage by an enemy.

Ostriches should Carry  
Their Eggs in a Basket  
And use their Feathers  
For Dusting over the Desert.

The Squirrel is quite a different kind of fowl:  
He works while others sleep, the sly old owl!  
And stores up food, against the rainy day,  
In secret nooks, from forest thieves away.  
When winter comes, or when besieged by foes,  
Securely housed he feasts and thumbs his nose  
And ridicules starvation: he's immune!  
While others, shiftless, sing another tune.  
The Squirrel, you see, is much misfortune spared  
In times of stress because he is prepared.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Improvident Nuts  
Should Tear a Leaf  
From the Squirrel's Diary.

A Heifer on the Railroad Crossing stood  
Chewing Contentment's Cud, as heifers should,—  
When, rushing madly, "late again," there came  
The Noonday Mail. The Heifer was to blame  
For choosing her position, I would say,  
Because the Engine had the Right of Whey.  
The Cow was unprepared! Her switching tail  
Failed signally to flag the Noonday Mail.  
But why keep beefing over milk that's spilled?  
She heeded not the sign and thus was killed.

Heifers with Unprotected  
Flanks should not Invite  
Rear-guard Actions.

The Busy Bee improves the shining hours  
And gathers honey from the fragrant flowers.  
When Winter comes, forsaking field and rill,  
He *hibernates*, but lives in clover still.  
While Famine stalks without, his Home, *Sweet*  
Home  
Is stored with tempting food from floor to dome.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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He never lacks, nor has to buy, but cells  
His surplus food gleaned from the flower-fringed  
dells.

A thrifty fellow is the Busy Bee  
And fortified against Emergency.

A Bee's Ears  
Contain no Wax  
And he Saves his Combings  
Against the Baldness of Old Age.

The Mule is well equipped but lacks the *mind*;  
His strategy is in his heels, behind.  
If pointed wrong, his practice is not dreaded,  
But kick he will, no matter how he's headed.  
With foresight lacking, hindsight to the fore,  
He'll be just simple Mule forevermore;  
Without the range or sight he'll blaze away  
And thwart his purpose with his brazen bray.  
If well-directed effort were his cult  
No fortress could withstand his catapult.

A Mule should Conserve  
His Ammunition and  
Not Shoot-off his Mouth.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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The Burglar, have you noticed? never troubles  
To look for petty loot in obscure hovels.  
He packs his kit and steals adown the road  
To Gaspard Moneybags' renowned abode.  
He knows the house-plan ("inside" dope, no  
doubt)  
And when he's *in*, old Moneybags is *out*.  
But Jimmy does not dent the window-sash;  
He enters *thru the door* and gets the cash.  
Prepared? Well, yes! He knew just where to  
look,  
For Nora hung the key upon the hook.

Team-work is  
The Handmaiden  
Of Efficiency.

It pays to be Prepared, you see, and so  
The Snail in Armored Car goes safe, tho' slow;  
And Alligators in their Coats of Mail  
Withstand assaults where those, defenceless, fail.  
The Tortoise totes his Caripace around  
And dwells in safety where his foes abound;  
While Wasps, with poisoned javelins, defend  
Successfully their offspring to the *end*.  
A Sheep with ramparts has no thought of fear,

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

But guards his buttress when his foes appear,  
And any Skunk can frighten and harass  
An Army with Asphyxiating Gas.



## THE FUGITIVE KISS

How I loved her! There on the gate we'd lean,  
    (The dear, old gate that never gave away  
The loving nothings we were wont to say)  
• From day to day,  
And sometimes after dark;  
    She was my Angel-Sweetheart, just sixteen.

But I was shy! And while I longed to taste  
    The nectar of her lips, I was afraid  
To draw her to my breast and kiss the Maid:  
    But I essayed!  
And this is what I drew —  
    “ There's Papa with the bulldog, so make haste! ”

What could I do? The “ bark ” was flecked with  
    foam,  
    And old man Jones was meaner than a cur;  
So there I stood 'twixt fear, and love of her  
    And didn't stir  
Until they came: and then  
    I kissed them *all* Good-bye and *beat it home*.

## NEW MEXICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

My Country vast and grand,  
Sweet Montezuma Land,

My Stingaréé.  
Land of the Knife and Gun,  
Villa and Scorpion;  
Land of the Evil One  
I weep for thee!

Smallpox and Rattlesnakes  
Lurk in thy Cactus brakes,  
And Yellow Jack.  
Spiders and Centipedes  
Gloat o'er thy murd'rous deeds:  
To cure thy crying needs,  
Call Diaz back.

Tarantula and Flies  
Poison your lands and skies:  
Behold your graves!  
Carranza's waving beard  
By Pancho's Band is feared,  
And will be till he's sheared  
Or dyes or shaves.

Horned Toads and Vampire Bats,  
Gilas and Mountain Cats,  
Where'er you go!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Buzzards and Vultures reign  
Over a million slain;  
And Mescal is the bane  
Of Mexico.

O, Land of Chili con  
Carne and Obregon,  
Let murders cease!  
Keep Freedom's fires aglow  
Where La Frijólés grow;  
Throw up your Sombrero  
And Keep the Peace!

## LOVE

### I

Love is the Mecca of our Heart's Desire:  
We worship at its shrine and feel its thrill;  
Burning our Hopes upon its Altar Fire  
Till Passion be consumed, but not until.

### II

Then Love assumes a calmer mood, when spent —  
His quiver empty and his bow unstrung —  
And peers into the pleasing Past, content  
To live, unmoved, his memories among.

## STRONGARM'S WATERLOO

*Some* drive! From tee to green in one: par, three!  
That's putting proper English on, you see!  
And, Goodness Golfus! See the ball roll up  
To easy putting distance from the cup.  
Who is this man? Professional, no doubt!  
He'll "card" a thirty-seven going out;  
And if he gets the "breaks" he'll make, methinks,  
A new low record for the Piedmont Links.  
See with what confidence he wends his way  
The Fairway thru to make his hole out play!  
The Gallery, expectant, follows thru  
To see the Champion go down in *two*.  
Then to the ball he makes his last address,  
(The ball was peeved at what he said, I guess)  
And pulls his gooseneck back a foot or so  
Before he hits the sphere the fateful blow.  
Alas for human frailty! See it flit  
Across the green into the sandy pit!  
The sighing winds, in protest, moaned Beware!  
While he invoked the Deity in prayer.  
And then he played his third, but topped the sphere,  
The Rubber Rogue responding with a leer.

A halo hung around the Stranger's head  
It seemed: but, nay! 'twas brimstone fire instead,  
For what he said, in type is not displayed  
Except on fire-proof paper, I'm afraid.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Four! Five! Six! But still far from the goal!  
The Player loses all his self-control  
And breaks the "goose" in twain: then hark the  
    din,  
When Caddie trails the ball and *kicks it in!*

Far from the scene of strife the Club House beck  
The weary Golfers on their inward treks;  
And close beside, beneath the porch's shade,  
The Nineteenth hole dispenses lemonade  
And other cheering drinks, within the law;  
But little ice that cuts: who cares a straw?

## THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

Yes! I've done my bit, as you fellows would say,  
If serving one's country deserves any praise:  
Two years at the front, then an arm shot away!  
And this is my "cross" in reward for those days.  
But I can do more! While there's blood in my  
veins

I'll give the last drop, while the hoof of the Hun  
Polluted and cloven in Alsace remains:  
Until France is free we must fight: every one!

Of course I'll go back to the trenches again:  
My wound is fast healing and soon will be sound;  
Six chevrons have I, but I'll fight with the men  
Who fill up the shell-holes like moles in the ground.  
I'll charge with the Boys when they hurdle the top,  
The Tri-color lashed to my half-useless arm,  
With pistol or sword in my hand, till I drop:  
For Freedom is menaced: Go sound the alarm!

France needs every son, be they crippled or strong,  
To rid our fair land of the murderous horde:  
So flock to the Colors, Brave Boys: come along!  
And fight till the Glory of France is restored!  
Our women are outraged, our children enslaved;  
Up, Frenchmen! and strike till the last dying breath!  
We can *never* turn back, so be it engraved  
On our spears and escutcheons,—*Vengeance or  
Death!*

## WAR

Down by the village runs the stream  
Once placid, now a raging flood:  
Behold it, by the day's last gleam  
Gorged with the dead and dyed with blood.

The Chapel bell has tolled its last;  
The trees are bare, tho this be Spring:  
Death's shroud is on the village cast,  
And Ruin reigns o'er everything.

A grist of carnage clogs the Mill,  
And shells have razed the quondam homes:  
Fresh graves the trampled vineyards fill,  
Whose cellars are but catacombs.

Beyond the village, Refugees  
Stand, herded, cowed by fear and grief,  
Or, *gassed*, implore on bended knees  
For death, despairing of relief.

With bayonets and faces set  
The Grenadiers, by L'Aiglon led,  
Present a gruesome parapet,—  
Thus, *still defending*, tho they're dead.



## SONG OF THE SAMSONS

We are Samsons, Biff! Boom! Bang!  
Here to pot the Potsdam Gang.  
If Bad Bill is found in Metz,  
We'll not vouch for what he gets!  
If in Essen he is caught,  
Good Night! Kultur, HIM und Gott!  
Shades of Bismarck! Watch him faint  
When he finds his Empire *ain't*!

To our Sweethearts we said "Knit,"  
We must go and do our Bit!  
How d'ye do, Pierrot? Pierrette?  
We are friends of Lafayette!  
Wait until our Drive begins,—  
Bill, you'll suffer for your sins!  
Sick 'em, Prince! We'll tie the fuse  
Onto Frederick Wilhelm's shoes.

When we occupy Cologne —  
Phew! How big and strong you've grown!  
We will paint each shop and lodge  
With bright red in camouflage!  
Then to Carlsbad we will swing;  
Need the baths like everything!  
Frauleins leave your fears behind;  
We don't war on womankind!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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We are filled with fire and zeal:  
Watch us pick the locks to Kiel!  
We are coming to our own  
In Lorraine across the Rhone!  
When our Flocks of Eaglets fly —  
Dunder! Blitzen! Bill, Good-bye!  
Beaks of Steel and Claws of Lead —  
SUN eclipsed! The Geezer's dead.

CHORUS

O, you U Boats,  
That for U!  
We slipped thru you;  
How d'y' do?  
Hindenberg? Ach, let him rant!  
He won't stop us *'cause he can't!*  
Zepps and Taubs are falling down;  
Butcher Bill will lose his crown;  
Watch your step, you Horrid Hun,  
You can't *goosestep* when you *run!*

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Hooray for the crimson, white and blue!  
'Rah for Old Glory! *Chapeau bas vous!*  
'Rah for the Tri-Color! We're at home  
In *la belle* France by the *eau de* Somme;  
Hooray for our Allies true and brave!  
We'll all sweep thru like a tidal wave  
Over the *top* in a mighty Drive —  
And never stop while the HUNDS survive!

## SIX DAYS

O, the comfort we feel  
When we finish a meal  
Consisting of rice cakes and whey;  
Because beyond question  
There's no indigestion  
At the end of a Meatless day.

When the " buck " dough doth rise  
From y'East to the skies  
And hot griddled pancakes — oh, say!  
With sausages frying  
There's no use denying  
Your welcome, O Wheatless day.

When the house is afrost  
Without fuel: its cost  
Is more than we're able to pay:  
With our hearts all aglow  
We can thaw ice or snow  
Making light of a Heatless day.

When there's discord with wife  
There's a shadow on life  
That once was so sunny and gay;  
But billing and cooing  
Subordinate stewing  
At the end of a Sweetless day!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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When will beefsteak and ham  
Not be sold by the gram?  
How long will these high prices stay?  
When the bad Profiteers  
Show contrition and tears  
At the dawn of a Cheatless day.

When our Soldiers in France  
Do their Indian dance  
And scalp all the Huns in the fray,  
The Kaiser will holler,  
With rope for a collar,  
At the end of his Ruthless day!

## A PROTEST

While now 'tis meet to eat fish, eggs and maize,  
    *Vice* meat and wheat whene'er we dine or sup,  
So be it! but this protest I would raise —  
    In spite of warnings — veal keeps bobbing up!

## A PRAYER

O Sun and Skies, that Hoover o'er our Fields  
    Where Grains implanted lie, and Silos stand,—  
Pour out thy Warmth and Rains till Hunger yields  
    Thruout the World to our blest *Fodderland*!

## SINCE THE LITTLE ONE CAME

I seem to have taken a new lease on life  
Since the little one came;  
I've lost the old grouch, and I say to my wife,  
Do you think I'm to blame  
Because I have changed in my feelings towards you  
Since the Little One came?  
The furnace, 'tis true, gave me something to do,  
But I think it a shame  
That some tiny tie like the Little One here  
(How is *Snooks* for a name?)  
Was not sooner left on our doorstep, my dear!

The Store takes my time, but a very small part,—  
It's all over at four!  
I've cut Clancy's out and have made a new start;  
All my cronies are sore!  
But what do I care? I have mended my ways,  
So I rush from the Store  
And hasten back home where the Little One plays  
On the ruggèd hall floor,  
And pick him up quick (O, how pretty he looks!)  
Without shutting the door;  
So anxious I am to caress little *Snooks*.

The chafing-dish chafes and the Joy-car is sore;  
We have given them up!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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The Two-step and Bridge are tabooed evermore;  
There is Joy in our Cup!  
We've cut out the movies and dining about  
For our own modest sup;  
And billiards and golfing, I've cut them both out!  
As I did to the Hup.  
With playthings and drum (and a ruppy, tup, tup!)  
Loaded up like a Krupp,  
I beat it to Snooky,—our *English Bull Pup*.



## RUN ALONG, LITTLE GIRL!

Run along, Little Girl! for it's bed-time now:  
Your Dollies are sleepy and poor old Bow-wow  
Is weary and lonesome, curled up in a heap —  
'Twould take little rocking to put him to sleep!  
Your Teddy Bear's growling: or is it a snore?  
Perhaps he objects to his bed on the floor?  
So pick up your treasures and when prayers are  
said —  
Run along, Little Girl, and climb in to bed!

Run along, Little Girl! The Sandman is here;  
You've crowded too much into one day, I fear!  
Poor, little, tired Girlie, you've worked at your  
play  
Till the bloom of your cheeks has faded away.  
To-morrow, again, you can sit by the fire  
And dress all your Dollies in gala attire.  
Say, Good Night! to your thimble, needle and  
seams;  
Run along, Little Girl, and sweet be your dreams!

Run along, Little Girl, and cover up tight!  
There's nothing to harm you, no spooks in the night  
Nor Bogeymen glaring when you are awake;  
For they're *bad* little girls that Bogeymen take.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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To-morrow Bow-wow can be hitched to your sled  
And draw you to Grandma's to see Piggie fed;  
No harm can befall you when Mother is near;  
Run along, Little Girl, and God bless you, Dear!

## A RETROSPECT

Picture a Home with love aglow and laughter  
Reverberating from each joist and rafter;  
A sweet-faced Mother kissing you "Good Night"!  
With "Go to sleep! lest Santa Claus take fright  
And dashes by — leaving no books or toys  
For naughty, wide-eyed, little girls and boys."  
Then see her tip-toe down the stairs, and trim  
The tree — a toy on ev'ry outstretched limb;  
The rocking-horse and wagon at the base,  
And candy-stockings in the big fireplace:  
For thus we retrospect to show, no other  
Would scheme and work and "fabricate" like  
Mother  
To make our Christmas Day a grand fruition,  
And keep the secret of its sweet tradition.

## THE EAGLE SCREAMS

We have arrived! America is First!  
Here Freedom cradled; here its pæan burst  
Upon the ears of nations, near and far  
Till Light of Freedom is the Guiding Star  
Thruout the world; though Thraldom still obscures  
The Guiding Star where Tyranny endures.  
'Twas ever thus till Boston's "Reb" array  
Upset King George's teapot in the Bay,  
And Pegasus, whom we Revere, astride  
His high-bred hobby, warned the countryside.  
Before that time the Briton played the game  
Of *pour la tea* or Golf (its proper name).  
With confidence and brassie nerve, methinks,  
Until they struck a Bunker on our links  
That thwarted all their prowess—'pon my soul!  
And left them groggy at the nineteenth hole.  
But still they puttered 'round and drank our rum  
Till Washington's avenging time had come;  
When, with his army, steeled at Valley Forge,  
He, George the First, uncrowned the other George,  
And all the "red-breasts," from our eyries shoed  
Where now the Bird of Freedom guards his brood.

## THE SERVICE STAR

The stars are a gleam in their azurine field,  
Diffusing effulgence afar;  
But magnitude, lustre and fixedness yield  
To the glorious Service Star.

In aureate setting, a pendant aglare,  
Is the radiant Service Star;  
That blazes with fire like a rare solitaire,  
A gift to the Valkyr of War.

Protect thou our treasure, O, Valkyr! Restore  
Our Jewel so priceless! and bar  
From Valhalla's Dungeons, where Death's tor-  
rents pour,  
Our sanctified Service Star!

## SOME DAY

Some day when the war is ended  
And we sail from France away,  
With sorrow and longings blended,  
Back home to America;  
And we live once more in Blighty  
A thousand years in a day,  
In the Land of God Almighty  
Where the Old Folks watch and pray:  
Some day, when we hit the pillow  
Again on a box-spring bed,  
As snug as an armadillo  
With his shell-protected head;  
When bugles refrain from tooting,  
And noises of battle stop;  
When victory ends recruiting,  
Or charging Over the Top:  
*Some* day! when we're thru with fighting  
And the beaten Hun retreats;  
When the Cooties cease from biting  
And we sleep between the sheets!

## THE CRUISE OF THE SEA SERPENT

And now behold the Merchant Submarine!  
Only its peeking periscope is seen,  
But what a cyclorama it reveals  
To those below! Thru surging seas it steals  
And vies with dolphins, porpoises and sharks  
To keep apace with brigantines and barks;  
And, tho itself unseen, it's proud to show  
To what low depths a submarine can go.  
The Cyclops sees as well by night as day;  
Its father, Neptune, gives it right of way:  
Amphibious, it rides the Ocean's crest,  
Or in its sunken Gardens takes its rest.  
This new-type boat we designate as It  
Because no other pronoun seems to fit.  
No water-laden craft could be a He,  
Nor one unspoken could be rated She.  
The Germans call it *unter*: O. U. Cargo!  
They aim to close the bar on the embargo.  
Beneath the waves no lurching doth it feel  
But speeds its course upon an even keel.  
With duplex engines and a double crew,  
(It's "manned" by mermaids when it's hid from  
view).  
It scoffs at dangers, tho they lurk around,  
And shuts its *eye* to perils that abound.  
There's scant spare space, but still its ribs enfold  
A priceless cargo in its shallow hold.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Past hostile ships into a neutral haven,  
It comes up smiling with all flags a wavin'.

But now these "Cargo Craft" throw off disguise  
And cut our neutral throats: it's no surprise  
That dastards, who as "scraps of paper" rate  
Their solemn Treaties, would thus lie in wait  
And murder innocents without emotion,  
Making a shambles of the outraged Ocean.  
Now lashed to fury, see the waves rebel  
And sweep these Prussian Pirates down to Hell!  
No longer neutral the Avenging Sword  
Is in our hands to smite the Hun-hound horde.  
The God of Joshua, in righteous wrath  
Will, in its flight thru empyrean path,  
Command the Sun to stop: it is His will!  
Till *Kultur* be effaced — and not until.



## AMERICA

America, Crusader in the Cause  
Of Liberty, before thy shrine we pause  
And offer grateful prayer that thou art Right  
In making demonstration of thy Might.  
Without a thought of Conquest doth thou draw  
Thine honored sword for Liberty and Law,  
That Nations of a common tongue, tho weak,  
May gain the Peace with Freedom that they seek;  
And occupy again, when battles cease,  
Their places in the Firmament of Peace.  
Fight on! Defender of the Cause! till Truth  
Shall banish Tyranny and Wars forsooth,  
And throttle *Kultur* and its godless School,  
Till Teutons, purged, obey the Golden Rule!

## LIFE AND LOVE

Life is the Echo of the Buried Past ;  
A Soul reclaimed, an Atom born anew :  
Its fire burns on, tho flickering at the last,  
And finds its grand fulfillment, Love, in you.

## LIFE IN DEATH

Why should we dread the Messenger of Death?  
Who comes as friend when sufferings beset,  
And gives surcease of pain with final breath  
So that Life leaves, rejoiced, without regret.

## GERMANY

O, Hun, from what low beast didst thou descend?  
That thou shouldst have the lust to kill and rend;  
The bestial passion to enjoy the groans  
Of suffering victims, while you crunch their bones  
Or gouge their eyes, that mutely plead in vain  
For quick oblivion and ease from pain?  
Of ponderous cast and savage mien, what teat,  
With Hatred filled and Passion's fiery heat,  
Reared thee more wolf than man? ill-bred,— a curse  
To thine own kind, and to the Universe!

## ITALY

Italians, hold! Rienzi pleads again  
Against the Tyrants: hold if ye be men!  
Let not the foe despoil your fertile lands  
Or wrest historic treasures from your hands!  
Guard well your daughters! Shield your budding  
sons!

Lest they be maimed or murdered by the Huns.  
Soldiers of Italy, would ye be slaves  
To Teuton hordes? Behold the sacred graves  
Of Garibaldi and your martyred dead  
Who made ye Freeman! Wouldst be slaves in-  
stead?

The Alpine Passes that were yours are lost;  
Your Northern Rivers have been reached and  
crossed;

Hold, Romans, hold! Halt further Teuton gains,  
And drive their looting legions from your plains!  
Hold! Men of Italy! Your wall of steel  
Can save fair Venice from the Despot's heel:  
Hold! Every man! for Honor, Country, Home —  
And for the Glory of Eternal Rome!

## MARY IS MERRY NO MORE

The Lamb that accompanied Mary  
Without aid of cudgel or rope,  
Was raised by her sire Elder Berry,  
And washed with dioxygen soap.

Its fleece, like the linen-spread table,  
Was snow-white: the lambkin was prized  
And kept from the sheep in the stable  
Who never were deodorized.

The lamb had a yearning for knowledge,  
And schoolward would follow the lass  
Till she was admitted to college,  
A graduate out of his class.

Then sheep-eyes were made by the teacher,  
And Mary was quick to decide  
'Twixt him and the poor, woolly creature  
Who made lambentations and died.

She married her Teacher,— a lesson!  
Dyspeptic and old, he's a fright!  
Her thoughts fail of fitting expression,  
So she lams her own kids just for spite.  
She looks at her spouse with deep loathing,  
And sighs for her dead quadruped,  
And wishes the "wolf in sheep's clothing"—

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Her husband, were dead in his stead.  
Alas, lass! You've forded the ferry;  
Your tombstone was graven for two;  
The lamb, chiseled there, stands for Mary,  
And the *Old English* MARY for yew.  
The lamb reached the end of his tether  
When Mary ascended on High,  
But surely, in spite of the wether,  
They'll meet in the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.

## I SHOT AN ARROW

I shot an arrow: how it sang!  
It was a poisoned arrow!  
And when it turned, a boomerang,  
It chilled me to the marrow.

I know not where the arrow struck,  
And care but little whether  
It came straight back or ran amuck  
Upon the near-by heather.

But *this* I know; however fast  
The arrow homeward scurried,  
My getaway was unsurpassed —  
For, Goodness, how I hurried!

## FIXING THE BLAME

The almost-King of Verdun, still uncrowned,  
Wearied of *driving*, walked the ramparts 'round  
To see his father, Mr. William Kaiser,  
Who was to him an Oracle and wiser.  
"O Sire! Inform me! Tell your first-born son,  
Who caused the War, and why it was begun?  
Who slipped the leash, and what was the excuse  
For turning Europe's rabid War Dogs loose?  
Did you? Or was it Cousin George, or Nick  
Who stacked the cards and played the dirty trick?  
Or was it Joe, or Ferdinand, or Grey  
Who sawed the bridge and pulled the props away?"

"My Son, I swear by all the periscopes  
And Zeppelins to which I pin my hopes;  
By all the Ocean Sharks and Bats a-sky,  
By Gott-in-Himmel! As I hope to die,  
*I'm* not to blame! I didn't use the spurs,  
Or try to overwork Geographers!  
I fought for Peace, and ne'er defiance hurled,  
Altho' the Fatherland *should* rule the world.  
But here's the truth: a secret I'll disclose!  
A stranger 'twas who made us come to blows!  
It happened thus: a mighty Nimrod came  
From Afric wilds, where he had played the game  
Until his cudgel bore a hundred nicks,  
(A record this for all Prodigious Sticks)



To Germany. No pussyfoot was his,  
But there was courage in his Nobel phiz;  
And in his stride were energy and grace  
Enough to make the goose-step commonplace.  
I took him to my Palace, as my guest,  
And poured libations from the cellar's *best*,  
(He was a *certified* non-drinker — See?  
So just accord this proper secrecy!)  
And then arranged to hold a Grand Review  
Of all my Armies and Reservists too.  
'De-lighted!' said my guest, and nothing more,  
As we reviewed my legions corps by corps;  
But this blunt comment signified his zeal,  
And so I mobilized my fleet at Kiel;  
And on my Royal Yacht, my guest and I  
Watched the manoeuvres as my ships passed by.  
'De-lighted, Bill!' the Hardy Hunter shouted —  
'With such a fleet I'd have the whole world routed;  
And with your armies I would soon disperse  
The Fighting Units of the Universe!'  
Such praise was pleasing to my ears, altho  
My Wasps and Devil-fish I didn't show:  
I deemed it best to *meld* this 'hundred aces'  
When all my ships and men were in their places.  
Had he seen *these*, I knew he would advise  
The conquest of the Earth and Seas and Skies:

But, Shades of Bismarck! *that*, you understand  
Might prove a strain upon the Fatherland.  
And so I kept the Peace, but thought about  
The many martial plans we figured out;  
And how the cost of my Frontier Defences  
Compared with his proposed campaign expenses.  
You see, Mein Heir, this man was full of guile  
And caused the War: this Bey of Oyster Isle.  
He hypnotized me: put it in my mind  
To be the Potentate of all Mankind!  
So blame me not! The fault I must disown,  
And put the guilt on Theodore alone!  
Whatever comes anon, I'm not whipped yet!  
And with it all, I have but one regret —  
That *he* was not impressed to lead my drive  
To Petersburg to take the Czar alive;  
And then, a Marshal, ordered to Paree  
To capture it and bring it back to me;  
Then take my fleet, the English Channel over  
And put King George to rout and bombard Dover;  
And then supplant the Sultan, take his Fez  
And lead my peerless Forces to Suez.  
While *you* have failed, and Hindenburg and Mack,  
*He* never fizzles when he makes attack.  
See what I've missed! for, *see what he has done!*  
And yet his vast campaign is just begun.

---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

He leads his Legions, Bull Moose, Calf and Cow  
To capture a Convention *even now*."

. . . . .

An orderly approached the Royal Pair  
Just at this stage and left despatches there.  
He stood at close attention, hand to head,  
While this absorbing cablegram was read —  
"Outflanked and captured; resignation tendered;  
Moose dehorned and all the herd surrendered!  
Am looking for another job already,—  
Would take the German Presidency — Teddy."

. . . . .

The Kaiser turned, looked at the Prince and wept,  
While noxious gases o'er the bulwarks crept.

## LOVE'S RECOMPENSE

“Do you really, truly love me, with a love that  
mocks at Fate?”

Cried the rustic, buxom maiden to her lover at the  
gate;

“Yes, my Pet! And when Dame Fortune smiles  
upon us we will wed;

I will strew your path with roses: Bear me wit-  
ness, Gods o’erhead!”

Thus he spake unto his sweetheart, under Heaven’s  
starry blue,

And the angels, smiling on him, heard his vow to  
“e’er be true.”

Then he placed his arms around her — kissed her:  
they were in a trance!

And two *soles* toward Heav’n were lifted as the  
bulldog grabbed his pants.

## ADAM'S ALE

Come, Comrades, gather 'round the festal board  
And quaff the sparkling Water from the gourd!  
*This* is the drink that Adam's Tribe imbibed  
Before the Wines of Gath were diatribed.  
(Methinks some other brand was drunk by Cain  
The day that Abel ruthlessly was slain.)  
And won, against all other potions there,  
The First White Ribbon at the Gaza Fair.  
You'll never know, until you take a sip  
Its power to soothe, and cool the fevered lip.  
Had Noah *stuck to* water he would shine  
As undisputed Master of the Brine.  
The Water-wagon that he launched, at first  
Steered Noah straight but didn't cure his thirst:  
So when he *spoke* the Ararat Café  
He soon fell off,— his rudder washed away.  
But wallward turn the picture you're beholding  
And hang more cheerful paintings on the moulding!  
Behold a *watercolor* of eclat!  
This, fair Rebecca had the skill to *draw*:  
She stands beside the well and plies the sweep,  
While sweat and blushes o'er her features creep.  
Such grace and poise, such strength and skill,  
Such sweeping gestures and unbending will  
Are indices of Abstinence complete;  
(We can't abstain from loving you, Petite!)

Upon her head she rests the dripping urn  
And goes straight home: she doesn't *dare* to turn!  
Don't stumble, Miss! Or suffer teasing boys  
To cause derangement of your equipoise!  
But keep your head and waver not at all  
Lest you be deluged by the waterfall!  
So daily to the pool Rebecca strayed  
And drank the water, when she didn't wade:  
And thus her framework waxed like iron; I trust  
'Twas ne'er assailed or undermined by rust.  
So, fill the gourd and pass it to your friend!  
It's Safety First and safety to the end.  
No headaches lurk within, no tinge of sorrow,  
No dark forebodings or remorse to-morrow!  
And furthermore, it isn't hard to take:  
If you've not tried it, *do*, for Mercy's sake!  
Behold the Oaken Bucket, hanging high,  
By Bards and Singers lauded to the sky.  
It never touched, in all its useful days,  
A thing but water. Here fair Psyche plays  
Beside the spring that mirrors all her graces.  
(Would you object to *water in* such cases?)  
Now mark the fate befalling Jack and Jill  
Because they slipped and let the water spill;  
And see poor Tantalus for water crying,  
Thus punished for his sins,—athirst and dying!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

And note this "Titian," called "The Drunkard's  
Fate,"

In which the crimson hues predominate.  
He holds the lamp-post in his close embrace  
And has a package from Pat Murphy's place  
To carry home. His eyes are red and dim,  
So close the bar and turn the hose on him!  
This drink was ever priceless, yet it's free;  
The Source and Fountain of Sobriety;  
And so we offer without bar or price  
Enough of THIS to put your thirst on ice.  
So drink to WATER, while the billows swell:  
The World wants Prohibition — and all's WELL!

## RUSSIA

Canst Thou, in all this babel, build aright  
Freedom's Palladium? The long, black night  
That, ages thru, hath dimmed your yearning eyes  
And dulled your minds, still hovers o'er your skies.  
A rift there was, disclosing to your view  
The Dawn of Day, but then the darkness grew  
Yet more intense, as if the Sun rebelled  
At such a cheerless greeting and withheld  
Its Light. And now again Night reigns supreme,  
But just beyond the Day is all a gleam.



## BELGIUM

Sad-eyed and weary, Thou must suffer more,  
Until thy supermen have paid the score  
For outraged daughters, murdered sons and wives;  
For ravaged homesteads, and brave soldiers' lives.  
Be not dismayed! Altho your Cup of Woe  
Is full to overflowing from the blow;  
Tho Justice seems indifferent to your prayer,  
And ruin stalks about you everywhere.  
The day of reckoning is near at hand,  
When Justice will restore your pillaged Land,  
And Vengeance will unsheath its righteous blade  
And flay the Teutons till your score is paid.

## OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE STREET

(To S. and W. A.)

When we're tired of reading essays,  
Tho they be a mental treat;  
When we're bored by social callers,  
Be they ever so elite;  
When we crave some relaxation  
Or the Foursome's incomplete,  
We S. O. S. or telephone  
To our Friends across the Street.

When our larder needs renewing  
Or our ice succumbs to heat;  
When the signs of Drought are brewing  
'Cause our "stock" is incomplete;  
And our chairs are insufficient  
When we have some guests to seat,  
Why, we just go out and borrow  
From our Friends across the Street.

When we're worried or in trouble,  
And our projects meet defeat;  
When our prospects seem quite hopeless,—  
Life seems bitter that was sweet;  
When we lose our nerve and falter  
'Cause the rough way wounds our feet,  
We can always find sweet comfort  
In our Friends across the Street.

---

*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

When we end, at last, our journey  
And the saintly Peter greet,  
Or descend to Realms Infernal  
Where the Goats, rejected, bleat,  
We would never feel contented,  
Whether mixed with Chaff or Wheat,  
If we couldn't be together  
With our Friends across the Street.

## EPITAPHS

I left this Vale of Tears to gain repose,  
And change, for Harp and Wings, my worldly  
clothes;  
There's no *redress*, so if I fall from grace  
I'll be quite cool enough for *either* place.

Wed  
Bled  
Fled  
Dead  
Nufsed

Go not the way I went, O Mortal Man!  
But follow out a more successful plan,  
Lest you, as I am now, remorseful be  
For imitating U. S. Currency.

For forty cents an hour I slaved  
At Delpont's Powder Mills;  
And all the money that I saved  
Scarce paid my funeral bills.

Erected to our father is this stone:  
He couldn't leave the whiskey flask alone;  
To Spirit World he vanished from our sight;  
We hope he's very snug, and *know* he's tight.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

Above the clouds I sojourn now,  
The twinkling stars between,  
Because I tried to figure how  
To cook with gasolene.

I'm *dead* all right, but not quite *all right* dead,  
For schemes of vengeance hurtle thru my head;  
My wife eloped, a cheating chicken she;  
Forsook her nest, and then flew back to me  
With all her brood: I love her as I useter  
But I'm a-laying for that other Rooster.

I followed Father with the rake  
The day he scythed the clover;  
So *green*, he cut *me*, by mistake  
And my *heydays* were over.

Here sleeps, at last, our little baby Yorick!  
*We* couldn't make him *without paregoric*.

I'm not averse to being dead,  
But this I do despise,—  
To have a tombstone at my head  
Inscribed with blooming lies:  
“A faithful spouse, a parent kind;  
Alas, too soon he went!”

But this is all they had in mind —  
To get my last red cent.

Assembled here my Wife is, Helen Nation:  
'Twas gasoline that caused the separation,  
Which shows how very short the mortal lease is,—  
I think 'twas lucky to have saved the pieces!

Here let me rest without a sigh or tear,  
I've learned my lesson — not to interfere!  
If I could live my mortal life agin  
I'd be a pussyfoot and not butt in.

My Mother, famous for her pies  
Lies buried 'neath this shaft;  
I wonder if, in Paradise,  
She still pursues her craft?  
She'll be too much engrossed, 'twould seem,  
In picking on the lyre  
To give attention to a scheme  
To bake without a fire.  
But if perchance she had the dough  
And couldn't make it rise,  
I'm sure she'd know just where to go  
To look for *heat* supplies.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

He called me "Liar!" Like a flash  
My honor I defended,  
Until his razor cut a gash  
So deep, that I was ended.  
If I could live my life again  
I'd not invite an issue  
But say, when villified, Amen!  
And thus preserve my tissue.

## THE CONQUEST OF THE SUN

The Morning Sun, with golden dart,  
    Crept to Milady's bed;  
And as he drew the screens apart  
    A halo crowned her head.

Such radiance he'd never viewed;  
    Enraptured, he surveyed  
Her virgin charms: beatitude!  
    He stooped and kissed the maid.

Entranced because her splendor seemed  
    To dazzle as it shone,  
He conjured all his wiles and beamed  
    Her burning cheeks upon.

And then she woke, Milady fair,  
    Enchanted by his art,  
To find, 'midst fires a slumb'ring there,  
    His dart had pierced her heart.

And so the Morning Sun can gain  
    Milady when he tries,  
But Midnight Sons must lose, 'tis plain,  
    Because they're late to rise.



## OWED TO A ROACH

O, Thou, who thru the sink doth blithely go;  
(O, Little Roach, how could you *sink* so low?)  
Who pipeth all your kin from kitchens near  
Wherever crumbs of comfort may appear;  
Who layeth siege, in mural cracks or trenches,  
Where grease spots lure or rampant be the stench;  
Who hideth in the dough when bread is rising,—  
I ask you to a Feast, of my devising,—  
To eat these *powders*, 'round the plumbing placed,  
Until your gluttoned carcass be effaced.  
O, Little Roach, if you would selfish be  
And not "ring in" your whole fool family,  
We'd tolerate you: nay, a pet would make you  
If you'd not scamper all our pie and cake thru!

## THE MOODS OF THE WINDS

O, Breezes of Spring!  
How they rollick and ring  
With delight as they sing  
Like birds on the wing.

O, Zephyrs of May!  
With your balm and bouquet;  
How you gladden the day  
Like Fairies at play.

O, Winds of the Fall!  
How they thrill and enthrall,  
How they hurtle and call  
With shrill caterwaul.

O, Winter's bleak Breath!  
How it freezes and saith  
To the ice-vested wraith,  
"Thou'rt shrouded in Death."

## THE TOXIC TIPPET

'Tis said that Mary, she of Reader note,  
Was wrapped up in her lamb — her lambskin  
coat —

E'en after his demise, beatified.  
He served her well, and for his mistress dyed.

Then Mary died, and took angelic form,  
Because the lambskin (used to keep her warm)  
Gave her the anthrax: what a cruel blow  
To be thus snatched above from furbelow!

## TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

My Shepherd careth for His flock:  
Beneath a cloudless sky  
In pastures green, by spring-cleft rock,  
In luxury I lie.

He brings contentment to my soul  
And leads me to the Light,  
By which I see the Heav'nly goal  
From dismal depths of Night.

Though Poverty attend my way  
And sorrow fills my heart,  
Thy Guidance will disaster stay,  
So good and pure Thou art!

Thou, in the presence of my foes,  
Bestoweth favors rare,  
And giveth pleasure and repose  
In answer to my prayer.

To such a Shepherd I will give  
My everlasting love,  
And glory in the Hope — to live  
With Him, at last, Above.

## FRIENDSHIP

True Friends are rare: who counts them by the  
score

Is blest indeed, for we have, seldom, more.  
If we possess just one real, *trusting* friend  
Who shares our troubles, loyal to the end;  
Who, when we fall, will help us to our feet;  
Who finds with us contentment most complete;  
Whose pocket-book and heart are open thrown  
Whether we need affection or a loan,  
And makes no record of the favor done,  
But gives, with equal pleasure, either one —  
That's Friendship *true!* If I had twenty such,  
With all their purses open to my touch,  
And each disposed to "stake" me and forget  
The circumstance and measure of the debt,  
I'd soon be on the road to ease and plenty,  
But wish I had *such* friendships *more than twenty*.

## PARAMOUNT PROBLEMS

Shall Women vote? Shall Demon Rum survive  
Or be, thru Woman Suffrage, flayed alive?  
These are the questions that engross the nation:  
Shall Women vote or be kept on probation?  
Are they not gentle, honest, sweet and kind?  
A single missing virtue we can't find,  
And yet we say — "Stay home and can the cher-  
ries!

You're far too frail and fine for statecraft worries!  
The Sacred Home for you! Just 'tend your chicks!  
You'd soil your hands to mix in Politics!  
And then there's scrubbing, cooking and a few  
Odd jobs besides: you couldn't ballot *too!*"  
But how absurd! Fair Woman, in her wrath,  
Will make our future course a thorny path:  
Unless we meet her fairly in these matters,  
She'll tear our senseless arguments to tatters,  
And rule *both* Home and State to suit herself,  
Putting deceitful *man* upon the shelf.  
As sure as death or taxes, day or night,  
She'll have the *vote* without, or *with* a fight;  
And those of us who counsel Peace, as best,  
Should not oppose and put her to the test;  
And when she *gets* the vote, by force or gift,  
The clouds obscuring Temperance will lift;  
For all the Wets will vanish, ev'ry one!  
Evaporate like mists before the sun.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

True, Women drink ; it's foolish to deny it !  
But not as men do — as a steady diet ;  
They'll take a punch, or sip a little claret,  
But when it comes to liquor — they can't bear it.  
And so we ask again — shall Women vote ?  
Shall men surrender to the petticoat  
And give up all their freedom and their tipples  
Just to return to Lacteal Life and Nipples ?  
The War is on ! Nebraska bids defiance  
To Rum Dispensers and the Booze Alliance :  
Hereafter all our barley, wheat and corn  
Will be quite unresponsive to the *horn*.  
The *essence* of the grain will be tabooed  
And ev'ry seed accounted for as *food*.  
No more will Barleycorn assail our vitals  
Or be the Leader in our Song Recitals :  
No more will Liquor check our ardent thirst,  
And so we'll go from bad, perhaps, to worst.  
If we must *eat*, perforce, and never rum it,  
What will befall the man who has to gum it ;  
Whose teeth are absent and who food eschews,  
Drawing his daily nourishment from booze ;  
Who can't obtain a single drop of gin  
To comfort and sustain the man within ?  
Pleading for drinks, unheeded he'll grow wheezy,  
But he'll improve his breath if he'll Speak Easy.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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The Drunkard's fate would be a dreadful warn-  
ing,  
Who, having "opened" Riley's place each morn-  
ing  
Found, one cold dawn, the foot-rail gone and  
read —  
"Soft Drinks for Sale" where Schnapps was sold  
instead.

Picture his sorrow! See him pallid grow  
When told the facts: a spectacle of woe!  
Back to his wife he slinks: he couldn't face her!  
Because he missed his usual "morning bracer."  
The Place is sold: it's now a candy store  
Where Schnapps will be dispensed *with* evermore.  
Good-bye, Old Demijohn; Decanters, too!  
His life will empty be — and so are you!  
Where once the Canteen flourished 'neath our flag,  
Now Prohibition flags the soldier's jag;  
And where Josephus keeps his arid log  
The water-pitcher has succeeded grog.  
Some Commonwealths already have the pluck  
To ban, humanely, those who *chase the duck*;  
And other States have punished Rum enough  
To have compassion on the *boot-leg* stuff.  
Thus Prohibition grows: but so does wheat  
And corn and rye: I wonder which will beat?



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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

But what of Woman? Where's her rightful freedom?

They ought to have the vote, because we need 'em  
To purge our land of drunkenness and crime  
And save our striplings from the slough and slime.  
Why *shouldn't* Women vote? Perhaps they may!  
Should Drunkards or Illiterates say nay?  
Could citizens of foreign birth refuse  
To give our Native Daughters what they choose?  
Our Native Sons with chivalry invoke  
Fair play for women,—freedom from the yoke;  
And shouldn't other Freemen rise in flocks  
To help our Women win the Ballot Box?  
The trouble lies, not *here*, but with the Bosses  
Who trade in graft and deal in *double crosses*.  
The sooner we eliminate this class  
The quicker will *full freedom* come to pass.  
But watch the Anti! Make her hold her tongue,  
Or duck her in the pond, the geese among;  
Or lock her in the booth, without a mirror,  
Where she can't see herself and we can't hear her.  
Thus, neck and neck, these two great questions  
lead:

Will men be equal to their Country's need?  
If one Reform upon the other waits,  
Speed Equal Suffrage to the White House gates,

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

And Prohibition (Farewell, Dear old Liquor!)  
Will follow as the tape pursues the ticker!  
But if, perchance, the Dry's should get a trimmin',  
*Smile*, if you please,— but don't *prohibit* Women!

## A REUNION

Once more, Good Friends, we're gathered 'round  
the board

To feel the joys of fellowship restored.

There's nothing like them! *Friends* can't be re-  
placed,

Nor thoughts of them from Memory be effaced!

Of course we form *new* friendships, but I feel

That these, like *old* ones, are not staunch and real.

It takes long years to *prove* our friends, you know,—

Those who are steadfast in our weal or woe.

So here's to you, Miss Prim! and you, Miss Prude!

We wouldn't have you different if we could!

Two Roses rare you are, and sweet; I ween

You were not doomed to bloom and blush unseen.

I've seen your cheeks suffused with crimson hues;

(Dame Nature's *make-up* is the rouge you use!)

I've seen your lips in saucy challenge perked;

(But for your protests, they'd be overworked!)

I've seen your eyes with mischief filled and tears;

(But I could never *pity* you, My Dears!)

I've seen your breasts with agitation heave;

(Your *hearts* must be affected, I believe!)

I've seen your shapely forms pass in review

Before my lonely couch, in dreams of you,—

And what I haven't seen, some little bird

Has told me all about. Upon my word,

If what he says be true, what I have *heard*

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

To what I've seen, methinks, would be preferred.  
Then here's to Friendship! What more potent  
force

Doth link mankind together? Love, of course,  
Doth fetter us betimes, but Time must say  
Whom we shall cherish, whom to cast away.  
When Love and Friendship, heart and hand, are  
bound,

What more of Joy can compass us around?  
So, Friends and Sweethearts, Comrades tried and  
true,

We pledge our love and loyalty to you!

## THE CRUISE OF THE SQUIRREL

Somewhere, sometime, I've heard it said, or read  
That Fools butt in where Angels fear to tread.  
A single "Angel" with a Pack of Fools  
Is not enough to change established rules;  
And so, I think, the "Angel" in this case  
Should bear, alone, the onus and disgrace,—  
For Angels should know better than to swoop  
Upon the Dove of Peace and fowl her coop.  
The Good Ship Squirrel has left our shores behind  
To measure human breath 'gainst Ocean Wind.  
"Laden with Nuts" her clearance shows. Four  
Bells!

She's off! to fight for Peace with all those shells.  
No Port, however, figures in her quest,  
Her "papers" show,—and this is manifest!

The Dove of Peace, perched on the mizzen-top,  
Hath disappointments sticking in her crop.  
The peaceful bird is shy and very frail;  
Can't stand the weight of salt upon her tail;  
The War has made her nervous, and the roar  
Of many cannon made the poor bird soar.

Up springs a storm! The Dove's white feathers  
show,  
While Nuts are cracking on the deck below.  
And then an iceberg looms against the sky,

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

But still the Dove is far too proud to fly;  
But when, anon, a periscope appears  
The Bird of Peace is overcome by fears,  
And "beats it" to the iceberg's crystal crest,  
Where she prepares to build her neutral nest.

The Submarine atop the billows now,  
Stands by the Squirrel until she dips her bow  
And sinks beneath the waves; then looks above  
And takes a parting broadside at the Dove.  
The "Angel" then, in Neptune's sky-machine  
Ascendeth in a blaze of gasoline;  
The Dove, marooned, broods over many things,  
Nestling her poor *cold feet* beneath her wings.

. . . . .

Regenerate, the Angel has returned  
From empyrean Flight, to Earth, and learned  
(I think Saint Peter gave him sound advice!)  
To keep the Pacifistic Germ on ice  
Until a Luther, if there still remains  
One decent man where Wilhelm Cæsar reigns,  
Denounces all the crimes of Germany,  
And proselytes to crush Autocracy.

## JINGLES

Little Bo Peep  
Went fast to sleep;  
Losing her sheep.

There were ninety and nine of these lambkins that  
fled

When poor, little Bo was asleep in her bed;  
And when they returned they were *mutton* instead.  
O, what a stew!  
'Twixt me and yew  
What could Bo do?

O! Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill,  
Their pail to fill.

The water was *running*: they didn't pursue,  
But filled up their growler with Double X Brew,  
And Jill, in a measure, was full, and Jack too.

Both had a thirst:  
Jack's was the worst:  
He tumbled first.

Horner boy Jack  
Had the right knack;  
Cornered the snack.

His fortune grew fast from that one Christmas  
plum;

His profits on 'Change showed a marvelous sum,

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Till he soon had Financialdom under his thumb.

O! what a wiz!

Jack knew his biz:

All now is his.

Good old King Cole,

"Merry old Soul,"

Knew how to *bowl*.

No high-balls were spared at his nocturnal spread,  
And the fumes of the liquor would strike in his  
head

Till, knocked off his pins, he was set up in bed.

Jackass or king

Will have his fling:

Naughty, Old Thing.

Old Lady Drew

Lived in a shoe:

Children there too.

Their home was too cramped for a dozen or more,  
But others have suffered from tight shoes before,  
So the latch-string was always hung out on the door.

To upper skies

Good old sole flies,

With all her ties.

The Drews and Jack Horner lived on the same  
street:



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Jack gambled with Hymen and Drew Marguerite,  
And love for his sole-mate affected his feet.

There ne'er was a "comeback" to poor Jack and  
Jill;

The King followed after them going "down hill,"  
And Bo, left alone, is a sheepish maid still.

## THE WEIGHT OF LOVE

I was sitting in the parlor  
With my Sweetheart on my knee,  
And the fireplace lights and shadows  
Silhouetted her and me.

Heavy grew she towards the morning,  
When the gold-fringed sunbeams leap:  
*She* was wide awake as ever  
But my leg was fast asleep.

Flesh is weak and so I shifted  
My loved load, as best I could,  
From the numb knee to the other;  
From the leg of flesh to wood.

Then I felt my Sweetheart shiver,  
And I realized her state  
When she drew a white-ash sliver  
From the leg *articulate*.

## DO IT!

Dare to do it!  
You'll not rue it  
If you save some Human Craft  
From the rocks where fierce gales blew it,  
Using Kindness for a raft.

O, dare to do!  
Be kind and true  
To the friends you make thru life;  
Then High Heaven will reward you  
With immunity from strife.

If a Lion  
Were a dyin',  
Would you go into his lair  
And attempt to soothe his cryin'?  
Do it! Do it, if you *dare*!

## AMENITIES

The Parson tied the Hymen knot  
That made two halves a whole;  
The while a speculating what  
Would be his marriage toll.

The Groom, when he had kissed the Bride,  
Was taken with the chills:  
Her icy lips could not abide  
Osculatory thrills.

But soon his fever was effaced;  
His hand obeyed his will,  
And in the Parson's palm he placed  
A soiled One Dollar Bill.

"Anathema!" the preacher cried,—  
"Thou reptile of the Earth!"  
The Groom replied—"Then take the  
Bride!  
I think it's all she's worth!"

## “DANSER SUR UN VULCAN”

Now goeth forth the Swell elite,  
With patent leathers on his feet;  
With collar spotless, cuffs to suit,  
In truth bon-ton, from hat to boot.

A bootblack, with an eye to biz,  
With dirty hands and ugly phiz,  
Beholds him as he goes, and throws  
Banana peels beneath his toes.

Along the pave Adonis trips;  
He steps upon the peel, and slips  
Into the juicy gutter:  
His eyes are filled with fire and ire,  
But water, muck and mire conspire  
To drown the words he'd utter.

### L'ENVOI

Go where you will, the stars will *shine*,  
And so will Tony, I opine:  
But O! the stars Adonis spied  
When he went “out,” a sewerside.

## AT THE BULGING UDDER TIME

Years have passed since I, an urchin,  
Drove the Cow, so sleek and prime,  
Down the path, where crows were perchin'  
At the Bulging Udder Time.

Those were days well worth one's living,  
When I watched, with joy sublime,  
What the generous Cow was giving  
At the Bulging Udder Time.

Later on, when we grew older,  
Father gave us each a dime —  
Me and Bill — to milk and *hold* her,  
At the Bulging Udder Time:

But, alas! we came to grieving:  
Bill was kicked and smeared with grime,  
And the Cow boo-booed on leaving —  
“Come around some *udder* time!”

## VAGARIES

The husky Corn has pushed ahead with silken locks  
atop;

O, Brother, ain't it shocking?

And Colonels are expecting quite a bumper Bour-  
bon crop —

Saloonward they are flocking!

But when they strip the ears and find the wasteful  
worms surrounding,

'Twill make the "moonshine" dimmer;

For ev'ry still has coils of worms illicitly abound-  
ing

Where sour-mash mixtures simmer.

The hillside Stills their fragrance breathe, and wood  
birds are a sounding;

My jug is in the hollow:

So fill it up, but watch your step and Secret Serv-  
ice hounding!

The scent is sweet to follow.

The Cotton Bolls are bursting forth with weevils  
in the sepals;

Come, Dinah, get to picking!

And rush the staple to the mart to clothe the naked  
peoples!

Or you will get a licking!

The baleful Gins are all prepared to do the fibre-  
squeezing:

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Get busy, Massa Willie!  
And set the weevils back a bit, and save the folks  
from freezing!  
It's getting powerful chilly!  
You Pickaninnies hustle now, and do the proper  
bagging!  
The possum's cooking, Honey!  
And when the work is thru we'll do our banjo  
stunts, and ragging  
And get our "Cakewalk" money.



## A SHATTERED ROMANCE

My heart is aflame with a love that enslaves  
My passion for thee is afire;  
My soul is athirst for the love that it craves,  
And you are the one I admire.

Pray speak, Dear! and say your affections are  
mine,  
And all the sweet charms you possess;  
Then I will surrender my wishes to thine  
And be but thy slave, I confess.

When she answered, at length, I felt very sure  
I'd pleaded my cause quite enough;  
"You're the one man on earth I *couldn't endure*,  
So cut out that comedy stuff!"

## THE MILKY WAY

I went to school, like any lad,  
And learned to read and write:  
With pencil, books and writing-pad  
I grew quite erudite.

Promoted soon, my Teacher thought  
I would some day, be great;  
And so painstakingly he taught  
Me how to conjugate.

And talked to me about the Moon,  
Of Venus, Saturn, Mars,  
Till I was rated, very soon,  
Authority on Stars.

A graduate, I searched the skies  
For orbs unknown before,  
Determined that I'd specialize  
In Astronomic lore:

But how to buy a telescope  
And all the charts required?  
An *attick* was my only hope  
Of all the things desired:

And so I compromised and bought  
Binoculars and case,

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And ev'ry night the Stars I sought  
At Daly's Burlesque Place.

The one, bright, meteoric Flame  
In all that stellar group,  
Soon *fell for me*; then took my name  
And quit the Burlesque Troupe.

But I'm eclipsed! the Satellite  
That twinkles in the crib,  
Keeps Mother *pinning*, day and night,  
A didy or a bib.

## THE LOGOTHETE

“Beware the dog!” Beware the Logothete!  
The Octoped with elephantine feet:  
(I mean by this — with the *big understanding*;  
The Byzantine Pup of Theodore’s branding.)  
A thousand years chained to Hellespont’s brink,  
He never once whimpered or lapped up a drink.  
Hydrophobia? No! just aphasia,  
’Cause he couldn’t cross over to Asia.

The old Logothete is the Watch Dog of State:  
He feeds upon figures (he’ll cipher an eight!)  
And starts ev’ry meal with a twelve or sixteen,  
Then multiplies units to munch on between.  
Voracity thus as an integer stands  
For his diurnal gorge on multiplicands.  
Numerical strength makes the Logothete thrive,  
And fractions he dotes on — just eats ’em alive!

He lashes his tail by Marmora’s flood,  
But eats from the hand of Sultan Ahmud;  
A collar of gold, set with aquamarines,  
Makes him the envy of Justin’s near-queens;  
His Kennel-Kiosque (the hyphen’s germane!)  
Rivals the harems of Constantine’s reign.  
Innocuous? No! nor yet desuetude,  
For he daily absorbs whole columns of food.

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His teeth are as sharp as the Damaskeene blade  
That severed the chains on the Macedon maid;  
And as keen as the knife avenging the dame  
Who was sold to the Sheik in Mesopotame.  
But the point that I make — no whimper or yelp  
Had ever been voiced by this Logothete whelp  
Until Archæologists, searching the grounds,  
Unearthed dogmatisms and bitumen sounds  
Of the highest known pitch, resembling a whine  
Or unrav'ling snarls of the Octopedine.  
And thus they've exploded the silence complete  
Tradition ascribes to the old Logothete \*—  
And so, in unleashing this Byzantine Pup,  
They merit grave censure for *digging things up*.

<sup>1</sup> From *Logos* (word) and *Thete* (Theodore) — The word of Theodore.

## THE PRICE OF PEACE

There's music in the Eagle's shriek;  
There's ditto in the Lion's roar,  
But discord marks the Bolshevik  
Because the Bear doth growl no more.

The Dogs of War are out of tune,—  
No harmony doth move the critters:  
Unless they cease their fighting soon  
The wounded whelps will have no litters.

Jerusalem! the Turk is spent!  
The bagpipes took his breath, I think.  
The Crescent now is badly bent,  
And Allah's cause is on the blink.

The Bulgar too has shot his bolt,  
And soon will quit — the poor pariah!  
For now there's rumor of revolt  
In Ananias and Sofia.

The Hun is playing with the Slav —  
The Kremlin Mouse and Potsdam Cat;  
But Cossack, too, can smear the salve,  
And 'twixt them twain doth Peace fall flat.

Some day the Dove of Peace will swoop  
With long, befigured *bill*, and put it  
Against the Vulture-Kultur coop  
And make the Prussian Junkers *foot it*.

## MEN HAD HORNS THEN

Newspaper Item, Athens, Pa., July 29: The archaeologists who are traversing the Susquehanna River Valley, visiting sites of Indian villages and digging up aborigines and other relics, are said to have made a most astounding discovery on the Murray farm, near here, in finding the bones of sixty-eight pre-historic men. The average height of these men when their skeletons were assembled was seven feet, while many were much taller. Additional evidence of their gigantic size is found in the massive stone battle axes in their graves. The average age of these men is said to have been from thirty to forty. Another amazing point of this discovery is the allegation that "perfectly formed skulls were found from which horns grew straight out from the head."

The Homestead of Satan, they say, has been found  
Near Athens, P. A., in a hole in the ground;  
And people are flocking from Athens and Sayre  
To view the remains of their ancestors there.

When Satan established himself in this zone  
He found it distasteful to live all alone;  
So he went to Towanda in quest of a bride,  
And then tilled the soil till his seed multiplied.

So scores of young Devils at Murray's were born  
That measured five cubits between hoof and horn.  
Each one was equipped with a tail and two wings,  
And *asbestos garments* at Nick's Sulphur Springs.

And that's why you find all their skeletons here  
In good preservation: but isn't it queer  
That Devils at Athens, the place of their birth,  
Were the sole legatees of Hell upon Earth?

But Devils, like men, reach the ends of their ropes,  
And have disappointments and unfulfilled hopes,—  
So Satan discovered, too late we are told,  
The climate at Murray's was too beastly cold.

His imps all contracted pneumonia and died;  
So he buried them here in the Pit, side by side,  
Near Athens, P. A., by the River Chemung,  
Where they've been unmolested till now, and un-  
sung.

And there their bones bleached, in the Sulphuric  
Pits,  
Until Archæologists came with their kits  
And made excavations, not thinking of harm,  
But raising the devil at Rube Murray's Farm.

Now Satan's *exposed* and his ossified get,  
(A few yet remain in the flesh, I regret!)  
And Murray of Athens is living, I wot  
On skeletons dug from this Hell-enic spot.



## SUB ROSA

The Busy Bee, to gather honey, goes  
Touching the clover bloom and then the rose;  
An easy prey, the clover blossom yields  
Its treasures garnered from the fragrant fields;  
But all the sweetness that the rose adorns,  
Protected is from theft by jealous thorns.  
The Bee, ergo, in quest the flowers among,  
Gets sometimes honey and gets sometimes *stung*.

## WHITMANESQUE

The snow is falling on the hemlock boughs:  
Courage, Comrade, Spring will come again!  
The birds are leaving the evergreen trees,  
And that's why they are not deciduous.  
O, Winter! I shake thy icy hand,  
And, shaking, shovel the beautiful snow:  
But what shall I do with such an abundance?  
It is already piled high in my neighbor's yard,  
And he is watching me from his attic window.  
And yet more snow! How pure you seem tho'  
falling!

## AN APEOLOGY

This is the Ape, made famous, you'll agree,  
By Darwin's Evolution Theory.  
His destiny fulfilled, he rests at ease  
With tribal Apes, Baboons and Chimpanzees;  
Preferring, so, to recreation find,  
Than with his tailless counterpart, Mankind,  
A doubtful branch of his posterity:  
And makes a *monkey*, thus, of you and me.

## THE BUG

This is the Bug, unable to resist  
The blandishments of Entomologist.  
He soon succumbs to net or trap or pin  
And fills his place the *cabinet* within.  
A volume then explains his habits, source,  
And all his secrets and his aims of course;  
Which leads me to conclude, when facts are dug,  
The Man of Science is the biggest "Bug."

## WAKE, MY LOVE!

Darling, I my vigil keep  
Close beside you, while you sleep.  
Let the Dream of Love abide!  
Cupid will not be denied;  
For he whispers to you now,  
And prints kisses on your brow;  
While his velvet finger tips  
Hush the protest on your lips.  
Wake, My Love! And do not chide  
Cupid pleading by your side!

Darkness lingers in the skies  
Till the light of your bright eyes  
Adds new brilliance to the sun:  
Not till then is Day begun!  
Ope your lips and speak one word —  
Sweetest cadence ever heard!  
Loose your tresses! Let them rest  
On your snowy, virgin breast,  
And entwine these roses rare  
In the ringlets nestling there.

Wake, My Love! The sunbeams shed  
Golden treasures on your head;  
While Æolus woos your cheeks,  
And exacts the kiss he seeks.  
Love, aquiver, draws his bow

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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And demands that sleep must go;  
For a jealous elf is he  
Who will brook no rivalry.  
So let Love a Kingdom make  
In his Heart for Thee: Awake!

## FIRST PSALM

Happy indeed is he who goes  
The Straight and Narrow Way,  
And heedeth not the lure of those  
Who from His precepts stray.

With joy observeth he the acts  
The Master doth proclaim,  
And, day or night, no fervor lacks  
To bless His holy name.

And he shall be a fruitful tree  
Deep-rooted in the Truth;  
And not a leaf shall withered be  
Nor fruitage cease, forsooth.

But those who follow not the Course  
The Master hath decreed,  
Shall shrivel and decay, perforce,  
And barren be their seed.

It follows then, that those who sin  
Must turn again to clay,  
While righteous men are gathered in  
On Resurrection Day.

For God rewards the Pure in Heart  
And knoweth all their needs;  
While those who from his ways depart  
Shall be like broken reeds.

## NOT PEACE, BUT REVENGE!

Peace? do you say? When my homestead is razed,  
And Death stalks the fields where my cattle once  
grazed;  
And the Dear One is dead  
Whom I courted and wed,  
The Joy of my Life when the hearthstone fires  
blazed.

Peace? What a travesty! Give back my wife  
And the brave little son, who gave up his life  
That she might escape  
From the murder or rape  
Of helmeted hordes in the unequal strife!

Peace? Where is my father? Cleaning your  
shoes!  
Like a thousand old men you maim and abuse.  
He was true to his Land,  
So you cut off his hand  
And left him but slav'ry or famine to choose.

Peace? My wounds cry aloud: Never! I say  
Till your legions are killed or driven away  
And my country is free:  
But, stay! What's that to me,  
Since all my own Loved Ones lie murdered to-day?

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No!! *Not* Peace, but REVENGE! Here is my  
gun —

Surrendered? O, No! for its work is not done:

When my bayonet's sting

Smites the heart of your King,

And your hell-hounds are flayed,— *then* Peace will  
be *won!*

## HEREDITY

I see her creeping 'long the nursery floor,—  
A dainty, blue-eyed Babe, scarce old enough  
To realize 'tis *she* whom I adore,—  
She is a priceless diamond in the rough.

Again I see her playing with a host  
Of noisy, kindergarten girls and boys;  
She seems to me the fairest and the most  
Refined: a *pure gold* girl without alloys.

And thus from stage to stage I watch the maid  
As she develops like the budding rose,  
And then, Ah me! I'm jealously afraid  
That she admires me less than other beaux.

And then, anon, I see her on the knee  
Of Willie Jones: I think she shouldn't oughter!  
But then my Courtship Days come back to me—  
*Just like her Ma!* She is my only Daughter!



## THE CALL OF THE HOMESTEAD

There's a dear, little spot, near my Hoosier home-  
town,  
Where the mortgage runs up as the buildings run  
down,  
That I love to return to, a restful retreat,  
Just to slush around there with the mud on my  
feet.

There's the forked, wormy apple-tree, dead to the  
bark,  
And the sickle and grindstone, brought out of the  
Ark;  
And the Shed, where I fled, with my illicit pipe,  
To assuage stomach-aches when green apples were  
"ripe."

There's the collar and churn, *worn* by Dash day  
by day,  
And the chain that prevented his running away;  
And the yoke for the oxen — Haw, Buck! and Gee,  
Bride!  
And the Troth for the Squealers the hen-house be-  
side.

There's the Dovecote, unroofed, and the sweep by  
the well,  
And the ooze in the barnyard and natural-gas smell:

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There's the hayrake and silo; the tin weathervane,  
And the two, moss-grown graves where the Old  
Folks were lain.

And the milk-stools are there, and the cowpath and  
stile;  
And a few hardy scarecrows remain yet awhile;  
And the taxes, unpaid, still appear on the book  
Of the County Collector, Nathaniel U. Crook.

So I keep coming back, to my old Hoosier shack,  
To inhale the sweet mildew of hay in the stack,  
And to drink from the spring where the bull-frogs  
abound  
That protect the young cowslips that grow all  
around.

Now the mortgage is due and the int'rest unpaid,  
And I can't get a cent for the place, I'm afraid;  
But I love to return here, at vacation time,  
Just to revel again in the mud and the slime.

## DECIMAL POINTS

The Paleface undertook, with sword and gun,  
To civilize the Redskins one by one;  
And Lo attempted, with his bow and arrow,  
To sap the Paleface of his very marrow.  
As fast as one, on either side, was slain  
Another took his place to fight again;  
Thus both the warring tribes said — “What’s the  
use?”

And straightway called a halt and signed a truce.  
Then Paleface planned and dug — and *well* of  
course —

A pit for Lo, without resort to force;  
And Lo, in turn, a counter plan invented  
To clear the forests where the Paleface tented.  
And so the Paleface, from his fullness, gave  
A cask of Laughing Water to each Brave;  
And Lo, whose giving was an artful knack,  
Took up the scent and sent tobacco back.  
So, Time discloses how each plan availed;  
Which won, at last, and which, in order, failed,  
For now in *Peace* the Paleface moves about,  
While Lo and Laughing Water *fight it out*.

He was the first to fly — Darius Green!  
But Green had trouble with his *crude* machine  
And failed to make a mark for lofty flying,  
And so he just *dropped out* and gave up trying.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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The Pickaninny to the bayou goes  
And caches on the bank his homespun clothes;  
Then headlong leaps into the pool below  
Where Imps of Darkness destined are to go.  
An alligator sees the urchin dive  
And, Holy Moses! swallows him alive,  
Not thinking that the Afric *strength*, thus caged,  
Would prove his match and master when engaged:  
But so it did! for Fate evolved a plan  
To snatch the "charcoal" from the saurian;  
And as the latter spewed and lashed his tail,  
(A tale like Jonah wrestling with the whale)  
The lad escaped; of course he had to shout some!  
So overjoyed was he at such an *outcome*.

When Aaron Burr decided to invite  
His hated rival to a pistol fight,  
He knew, of course, because his aim was wicked,  
That his opponent, in advance, was licked.  
And thus the scheme of Providence began  
To canonize the Hamiltonian.

Had Mary tied her lambkin in the barn,  
There might have been a different kind of yarn.  
She could have said "I leave you" with the bull,  
Or "I'll return anon," and pulled the wool;

The lamb could have replied —“ What’s all this for?

I’ll meet you, Mary, in the abattoir!”

But No! They had to make the sheep the goat  
And tie a siren bell around his throat,  
And make him go to school. “ Kids,” as a rule,  
Would rather *much* be killed than go to school.

Had Nero played on burning Rome the hose  
Instead of fiddling while the blazes rose,  
He might have been, in Fame’s Retort, a hero,  
Firemano Primo Volunteero Nero.

But quite another part this Cæsar played,  
The part of Arson in red robes arrayed.  
He watched the fire, in all its flares and phases,  
Quite unconcerned, but fiddled on like blazes.  
But Nero didn’t finish what he started  
Because, while Rome still burned, his E string  
parted.

Tho Julius Cæsar’s Wars our lives inspire  
This Cæsar wouldn’t even fight a fire;  
Nor would he lead the Roman Legions, tho  
He was reputed skillful with the bow;  
Perhaps the smoke-screen from the burning city  
Was planned to hide the discords of his ditty;

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And when at last this King is placed on trial,  
This verdict will prevail,—his work was viol.

Had Antony been less a Marc and kept  
His armor on while Cleopatra slept,  
He might have been a Conqueror of note  
Instead of Captor of a Petticoat;  
And, traitor to his country, judged to be  
A Soldier less than Slave to Lingerie.  
Some Commentators — and I blush with shame —  
Contend that “Cle” and Sheba were the same:  
If this contention's true, as I surmise,  
It follows that King Solomon was wise;  
And so was Sheba when she left his regions  
By camel-carriage for the Roman Legions,—  
Leaving the King, with all his wives and breeders,  
To pine for her among the stately cedars.  
I'm not quite sure, but who's the bigger dunce?  
The King? Or Marc, who got in wrong *but once?*

The oldtime Reader taught us self-reliance  
(But this refers to school-days — not to Science!)  
And pointed out, in no uncertain style,  
Examples we should follow or revile.  
Old Rover, for example, was to me  
The highest standard of true loyalty.  
He used to hang around the playground gate

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And there for Bones, his Master, sit and wait,  
Though Bones, poor dunce, each day when school  
    was over,  
Was kept and spanked, but waited still old Rover.

The Reader states that Rover, too, was fleet,  
And never knew the anguish of de feet;  
And had a face so honest, ear so quick,  
That he could steal a bone and dodge a stick.  
That's all the Reader says, but I believe  
He grew too diabetic to retrieve,  
And so was cast aside — the poor old brute!  
Because the mange affected his hirsute;  
Was driven from the confines of his birth  
Because not prized: Great Scott! a Kennelworth:  
And so, a rover still, thus doomed to flea  
Far from his home and consanguinity;  
But, cast adrift in sinking bark, O, Setter!  
Than wienerwursts or sausages is better!

There was a time when Henry Clay awoke  
To see his fame and name go up in smoke.  
His reputation only went this far,  
That he was featured as a choice cigar.  
Before that day, when his renown was ripe,  
He also was distinguished as a pipe.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Eliminating all attempts at joking,  
He was thus honored then, and still is smo-King.

Had Eve, a woman of unusual birth,  
Who had the love of ev'ry man on earth,  
Been given what the modern wife receives,  
Fine frocks and hats instead of wreaths and leaves;  
A mansion, bank-account and car or carriage,  
Hers would have been the first ideal marriage.  
But selfish Adam took her to a cavern  
(Our present bridal parties seek a tavern.)  
And made her wash and sew and hem and haw  
With fitting meekness 'cause his word was law.  
First Lady of the Land, she should have had 'em —  
All creature comforts but the stingy Adam.  
Faithful to husband, she should have instead  
Broken her marriage vows upon his head.  
No wonder she was tempted: if she fell  
'Twas circumstantial, else she wouldn't tell.



## BELLES-LETTRES

Hear the perfume of the belles,  
Social belles!

What a loud auroma, a monopoly in smells!  
How they stinkle, stinkle, stinkle,  
When the corsage bursts in sight!  
While the powder in each wrinkle  
And the gewgaw gems that twinkle  
Make them ugly in the light;  
Reeking scent, scent, scent,  
When they're upright, prone or bent  
While the sachet begs for freedom, and the musk,  
revolting, yells  
On the belles, belles, belles, belles,  
Belles, belles, belles,  
On the weary, bleary, smeary Social Belles.

Hear the monstrous Schoolhouse bells,  
Direful bells!

What a dirge of irony their ting-a-ling expels!  
Like the chanticleer at morn,  
How they torture us, and warn  
We must hurry or be canned  
At call of roll.  
How they peel their tunics and  
Whoop 'er up, with tireless tongues, to beat the  
band;  
What a toll!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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O, you blatant, brazen shells!  
You ringers for Mephisto, from superheated hells,  
    With your knells!  
    Truth compels  
    That we voice our joy with yells  
    'Cause you're hung and bound in cells  
While we're swearing and despairing,  
    O, you bells, bells, bells,  
    Wicked bells, bells, bells, bells,  
    Bells, bells, bells,  
O, you rocking, mocking, shocking Schoolhouse  
    bells!

## SANDY, THE PIPER

Do ye know me mon Sandy,— Sandy the Piper?  
'E's 'ome on a leave, with 'is chin shot away!  
They wouldn't a 'armed 'im, but some blooming  
sniper  
Just slipped 'im a slug from a roof in Bombay.

'Ow did it all 'appen? Well, just one battalion  
Was left in the Barracks: the rest 'ad been sent  
To guard the new Viceroy, with Major MacCal-  
lion:  
It was dubbed the "'Ot Scotch," this 12th Regi-  
ment.

The Colonel was sick with a Jungle disorder,  
And 'arf of the time was well out of 'is 'ead;  
And when the Sepoys, from the 'Yderbad Border  
Revolted and rushed us, the Colonel was dead.

So Sandy and men were besieged and near choking,  
And most the battalion was killed or 'ad fell,  
While the fiends in the street, like devils a stoking,  
Were firing this 'ell 'ole with bullet and shell.

'Twas 'ere that me Sandy broke out thru a window,  
Disguised as a Rajah, with turban and sword;  
And so, quite unnoticed (they thought him a 'In-  
doo!)

'E soon joined the ranks of the mutinous 'orde.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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And then 'e 'arranged 'em ('e knew all their jargon!)

And urged 'em to scatter and uphold the law;  
But 'ere 'e was thru 'e was sick of 'is bargain

When a bloody bomb-bullet 'alf shattered 'is  
jaw.

So Sandy's back 'ome, but his features are altered:

What a close shave 'e 'ad! 'is face is a sight!

But when duty called 'e was there and ne'er faltered:

With toot, shoot or Hoot, Mon! 'e mixed in the  
fight.

'Is goatee is gone, with the chin where 'e grew it:

'E was once very bonnie when 'e was a lad;

And 'is bagpipe would charm me: my, 'ow 'e blew  
it!

When 'e marched with 'is squad, a playing like  
mad.

And I makes o'er 'im still, tho Sandy's not pretty,

But a 'ero 'e is in Northlands and South:

A gude wife I've been, tho I think it a pity

That Sandy was given to *shoot off 'is mouth.*

## “ BEN BOLT ”

Ben Franklin was a Jester of the sort  
That fused, with wit, rare wisdom in retort;  
And, on his mettle, tempered by a smile  
His irony could hold them *all* awhile.  
King Louis' Court to impotence made plea  
Before the onslaughts of his repartee.  
His well-aimed jibes were quite as hard to dodge  
As meteors agleam with persiflage.  
His oily tongue worked on a swinging swivel,  
For he *spat out* his thoughts and didn't drivél.  
The Quakers, in his absence, had attacks  
Of blues, because they missed his almanacs;  
And Frenchmen soon began to understand  
And praise his jokes (in England contraband).  
He said to Louis, "Sire, the skies are down;  
I wouldn't give a Fillip for your crown."  
And added, "Nay, I wouldn't give a sou!  
There's just one Philip, but sixteen of you!"  
He had no fear, you see, of raining Kings,  
And, with umbrella raised, enjoyed his flings.  
Such pointed puns *disfavor* oft beget,  
But Louis laughed and so did Lafayette.  
Tho galley slave, like creatures of his type,  
He broke his chains, when Freedom's plans were  
    ripe,  
And put the U. S. A. upon the chart,  
Allied to France, thru diplomatic art.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

---

To-day Ben Bolt, who clipped the lion's claws,  
For lightning work gets thunderous applause.  
The thunderbolts obeyed at his command,  
And currents, insubordinate, were canned.  
He kept the Upper Regions on the string .  
And shocked the Lower World like everything.  
All praise to Franklin, Diplomatic Star!  
He went where he was sent, but not *too far*:  
And tho he flew his mortal kite so high,  
Poor Richard's name illuminates the sky.

## EXCELSIOR

The bale consigned to O. U. Crook,  
Upholsterer — marked, USE NO HOOK,  
Was not curled hair or even moss,  
Nor yet a mixture or a cross,  
Excelsior!

“ This Davenport was made to wear;  
Fine leather and best camel hair! ”  
Said Crook (a patent skin all right,  
But all the “ hair ” was out of sight).  
Excelsior!

And so Crook sold the lounge or couch  
To some poor Boob with gold-filled pouch;  
And also sold an easy chair  
(The Easy Mark was stuffed for fair.)  
Excelsior!

And thus he plied his artful trade  
(A better Craftsman ne'er was made)  
Until the shavings, dyed and curled,  
Resembled hair for all the world.  
Excelsior!

O, baleful occupation his!  
The way he made his mattresses  
Would make a lounging layman sick.

He sold for cash and gave no tick —  
Excelsior!

A mark-down sale Crook staged in time —  
“Such bed-rock prices are a crime,”  
“I get my hair by camel-train”:  
But all his “hair” was cut in Maine —  
Excelsior!

And then a fire occurred at length  
To bolster Crook's financial strength:  
The *glue* that mocked the incensed air  
Mistaken was for burning hair;  
Excelsior!

Beware the pine-tree's fibrous heart!  
But this gave Crook his fiscal start,  
And now a tall, pine shaft is seen  
Above Crook's grave; 'tis evergreen —  
Excelsior!



## HER AND HIM

### HER

To-day's her birthday: I'll not say which one,—  
But I have known her twenty years or more  
When courtship days were joyously begun,  
And she had reached her sixteenth year, before.

And so her age is no concern of mine:  
She may have dropped a birthday now and then,  
But surely she's improved with age like wine:  
I wouldn't wish her in her *teens* again.

And she's my Pal! O, yes, we love, of course!  
But feel, besides, the joy of comradeship  
That finds expression at Love's very source  
In language of the heart — not of the lip.

And so she is my everlasting pride:  
To Beauty's very pinnacle she's grown!  
Thru life we'll seek our pleasures side by side;  
Her heart athrob with love for me alone.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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HIM

O, yes! we're splendid friends, Old Jack and I:  
He's growing grave and wrinkles now appear  
Where once the smiles his cheeks were wont to ply.  
He's losing all his energy, I fear.

I married him some twenty years ago  
When dancing was a chief delight of his;  
But now alone I trip the Terpsic toe,  
For poor, old Jack has got the rheumatiz.

He's aging fast: I see it every day!  
He's fat and short of breath, yet how he snores!  
His few remaining hairs are saffron-grey,  
For nicotine keeps oozing from his pores.

He seems so childish, but I humor him  
Altho my friends declare I'm such a dunce.  
Wrinkled, rheumatic; bare of brains and vim —  
Good-bye, Old Jack! You were a good one *once!*

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING

We bivouac here and barely get acquainted  
Until the furlough ends; then we are sainted,  
Whether our acts deserve rebuke or praise.  
When we are *dead* the recollection stays  
Of virtues only: vices are excused,  
But to the *living* pardon is refused.  
And yet, alive, I'd rather be unsung,  
Than any Saint the catacombs among.  
Tho critics flay me and the censors sneer,  
'Twere better so, than praises on my bier.  
And so we walk life's slender rope till, bing!  
We slip and fall or someone cuts the string.  
Ambition lures us, but the pinkest peach  
Is always just beyond us, out of reach:  
And when, at last, we think we are in line  
To cross the threshold, lo! the Full House sign.  
We never quite obtain the golden urn  
Tho rainbows beckon every way we turn.  
Who ever found, I ask you, all he sought?  
Our best endeavors ofttimes come to naught:  
And yet we trudge along, loath to confess  
We're only groping in a wilderness;  
Plodding the sands that burn our feet, and hurt;  
Seeking the Promised Land, our just desert.  
Had Cæsar reached the zenith of his life  
When Brutus cut his friendship with the knife?  
The ladder broke and he was headlong flung

While setting foot upon the topmost rung.  
Thus picture Cæsar giving up the ghost  
Just when he reached the pinnacle, almost!  
Did Bonaparte receive his proper due?  
He *got* it, but too late, at Waterloo.  
He played with fire, aroused the seething crater,  
And now, with Nick, inhabits the Equator.  
So we conclude, delving the lines between,  
He might as well have clung to Josephine.  
Tho Tell's renown illumines the Alpine sky  
Whose target was the Apple of his eye,  
As much distinction, and applause to boot,  
Should be bestowed on William's steady *shoot*:  
More praise to him, than the Toxophilite,  
Who held the apple but eschewed a bite!  
The *worst* of us hath goodness in his breast;  
The *best* of us but fails, put to the test,—  
So, in arrears, we strive to pay the price  
For Fortune's frowns or Fate's disastrous dice  
Until we're bankrupt or too spent to wrest  
Long hoped-for treasure from Mad Mammon's  
chest.

Tho life hath ups and downs, the weeping willow  
Our ends shapes better than the downy pillow.  
It takes stern measures to incline the bantling,  
In right direction, without switch or scantling.

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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The optimist with farthings in his pouch,  
Gets more enjoyment than the wealthy Grouch;  
Thus cheerfulness, a product underrated,  
In every household should be cultivated.  
Give me the man who, tho in direst straits,  
Will thumb his sharp proboscis at the Fates;  
Who'll take the flimsy fire escape, or dive  
Into the net, glad to get out alive;  
Who, tho the skies be unpropitious, crowds  
His way along, unmindful of the clouds;  
Who never quits, in life's unequal bout,  
But keeps on fighting till he's counted out.

## THE SIXTH OF APRIL

Awake, Americans! Awake! Awake!  
'Tis April Sixth! A *year* of War and yet  
The Hun lines hold: Louvain is unavenged.  
Be Thou our Guide, O God of Joshua!  
Thru battles yet unstaged, and Comfort when,  
From War's Inferno comes the phantom file,  
The endless, ghastly file of martyred dead.

Daughters of Belgium, thy vestal tears  
Make *womanhood* still more an honored name;  
And Germany, when Reason reappears,  
Must dearly pay for her revolting shame!

Awake, Americans! Our task is grim;  
For Hell and all the Imps of Sin deride  
The Code of Morals, spit upon the Cross,  
Drive torturing nails into the bleeding flesh  
Of all Mankind who follow Him thru paths  
Made plain and gladsome by the Golden Rule;  
And foist vile *kultur* as Refinement's height.

And what of skulking Sharks, scum of the sea,  
That prey on Innocents, while o'er them fly  
Poised to inflict a further agony,  
The Vampire Bats that violate the sky?

Behold the ravaged homes of Serbia!  
Where are her people? Ask the godless Goths

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Whose Car of Kultur crushed beneath its wheels  
This stalwart Race! Ask, too, the Bulgar hordes,  
The mountain wolves, who pounce upon and rend,  
In guise of Pacifiers of the Land,  
Those who escaped the onslaughts of the Huns.

Tho sapped by hunger and disease; tho crushed  
By overwhelming numbers of the foe,  
Thy Star, O, Serb, when battles' din be hushed,  
Shall rise again, suffused with Freedom's glow!

Now in the sacred name of God our guide,  
Home, Country, Honor, Love and Motherhood,  
Can we indifferent be to ravishment,  
Wanton destruction, murder steeped in hate —  
This loathsome litter whelped by Junkerdom?  
'Tis *ours* to dare and crush this monstrous THING:  
Our Allies worn and bleeding, struggle on.

Armenian tears, a flood of pent-up grief,  
Flow on and on, a torrent of despair.  
Rape! Murder! Pillage! Is there no relief  
For Niobe, deserted, weeping there?

Nation Invincible, unsheath thy blade!  
God be thy leader: Justice be thy Sword!

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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Nor pause until the ruthless BEAST is flayed  
With sated steel — and Liberty restored!

BENEATH A CLOUD

Under a passing cloud the moon was hid.  
I really was delighted to be rid  
Of *Super* light, for I was with my Nell,  
And I could see by her bright eyes as well.  
We didn't need the aid of spheres above,  
For that's *our* proper sphere — a making love.  
Midst whispering pines we pledged our love aloud,  
And thus our plight began *beneath a cloud*.



## THE COLUMBIAD

AMERICA! Our home, our native land!  
The joy of it — the rapture! when we say —  
We who are freemen and can understand —  
This is our heritage — the U. S. A.!  
Hewn from the virgin forests by our sires,  
And launched by giants capable and true,  
Our Ship of State was manned, when Freedom's  
fires

Were beacon lights, by sturdy, godly crew,—  
And so hath kept, steered by the Guiding Star  
Of Faith, her steadfast course, thru shoal or blast,  
Aloof from sirens luring from afar,  
With Stars and Stripes still waving at the mast.  
Here in our Land, where Plenty hath its store,  
Where fertile fields teem with abundant grain,  
Hunger ne'er casts its shadow on the door,  
And Famine hath no lodge on hill or plain.  
In truth doth Luxury with Plenty vie  
To fill our laps with all the luscious things  
That Nature doth provide — loath to deny  
The satisfaction that such bounty brings.  
To us was Freedom's heritage bequeathed  
To have and hold while life and pride remain:  
And so our sword must ever be unsheathed  
To guard this priceless boon from hurt or stain —  
So that the war-worn hosts in Europe's maze,  
Who fight against the Despot's ruthless spear,

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*The Bee's Bayonet*

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May see the light of Liberty ablaze,  
Diffusing matchless splendor over here;  
And, friendly beacon, be to them a sign  
And Bow of Promise, in their dismal sky,  
The Light of Hope eternally to shine  
In God's resplendent galaxy on High.  
But grim starvation, at the board, presides  
Across the seas, where once the farmsteads poured  
Autumnal wealth — and Desolation rides  
Rough shod along where tramped the Prussian  
horde.

No life remains: the fields are stark and sere;  
The forests, leaf and branch and root, are fled;  
The flowers lie trampled on the soldier's bier:  
Destroyed are e'en the shelters of the dead.  
The gardens that held plenty in their wombs  
Are stripped and barren as the sands of Dearth,  
And now, instead, keep vigil o'er the tombs  
Of demigods, redeemers of the Earth.  
The vineyards where the fragrant fruitage hung  
To cheer the peaceful peasant in his toil  
Are desolate where Death his shroud has flung  
Upon the breadth of France's sacred soil.  
Wrecked are the homesteads: buzzard broods  
abound

Where shell-holes gape, and heaps of carnage rise

Above the naked bosom of the ground,  
Mutely denying guilt, in sacrifice.  
Still with the jackal at her wounds doth France  
Fight on unmindful of her pains, and lo!  
We hear her call and, seizing shield and lance,  
Crusader-like, to her assistance go.  
Her cause is just: we make her Cause our own!  
For Liberty doth in the balance swing,  
And we must guard her, if we fight alone  
To rid the world of this malignant *Thing*  
That, in the guise of Kultur, hides its hoofs  
And horns, its tail and spear and hideous face,  
And, as a pious priest, on Moslem roofs,  
Extols itself, usurping Allah's place.  
What blasphemy! Obsessed to germinate  
Its propaganda, its infernal cult;  
Condoning Cain's offense, instilling hate,  
It strikes with poison, dirk and catapult  
Against the precepts of the Prince of Peace;  
Against the Conscience of the Universe.  
But hatred, lust and war will never cease  
Until God's Sword destroys this monstrous curse.  
Audaciously the Priests of Kultur strive  
To spread their doctrine, but the graven god  
Against the Living Christ cannot survive,  
And in His time will scourged be with His rod.

And so our Ship of State to battle hastes,  
All sails a-drawing, sheets secure and taut,  
Manned by a stalwart crew, stripped to the waists,  
Inspired by battles that our fathers fought.  
In port at last whence Lafayette once sailed  
To aid our fight that made Britannia halt,  
They take their stand where Frenchmen never  
failed

To hold the Verdun forts against assault.  
A mighty effort this! To send our force  
Three thousand miles, thru shark-infested sea,  
Beneath dark skies where vultures lay their course,  
To face the foe and ransom Liberty,  
Thru sacrificial offering of our sons;  
To arm and clothe five million men, and then  
Build, to convey and feed them, countless tons  
Of mighty vessels — transports, merchantmen;  
To furnish, in addition, vast supplies  
To allied Powers whose Cause we have embraced,  
To hearten them — to strengthen friendly ties  
And stay the hand that layeth Europe waste.  
A task indeed! But let it not be thought  
By foemen or by those whom we befriend  
That Liberty our trust, so dearly bought,  
Will not be guarded to the very end.  
Tho Hercules the Strong should heave in sight

And challenge us to tests of thews and nerve,  
We'd enter the arena in our might  
And win new honors for the Land we serve;  
For Antaeus and all the myths of old  
'Gainst whom the supermen of yore engaged,  
Were never half so mighty, half so bold  
As peaceful freemen, righteously enraged:  
And all the modern Bullies who presume  
To dominate the world against the Right,  
Must see their day-dreams doomed to blackest  
gloom

When Truth prevails against the Imps of Night.  
So let us fabricate in forge and mill;  
So let us plant and nurture grain and seed;  
So let us labor and conserve until  
There be an end to Kultur's cruel creed.  
Each one of us must fight or toil or save;  
*Co-ordination* be our battle song;  
Hardships endure and gravest dangers brave  
If we would victors be and right the wrong.  
God's ways to mortal eyes are not revealed,  
But Faith our guidance is thru War's grim task,  
And with His help the *Hosts of Sin* must yield  
And Satan be denuded of his mask.

“ HE’S ALL RIGHT, *BUT* —! ”

I like the good old-fashioned way —  
A handshake or a slap,—  
The boys who jab your ribs and say  
“ You’re all right, Bill, Old Chap! ”

I like the lad who sees you first  
And always shouts your name,—  
Who, tho your luck be at its worst,  
Says —“ Cheer up, Bill! Be game! ”

I like the chum who’s always glad  
To soothe you when you’re ill,—  
Who, when he finds you broke and sad,  
Says —“ Here’s a Dollar, Bill! ”

I’d like to grab him by the throat  
And hold his mouth tight shut,—  
Who, questioned, makes you out the goat —  
“ Who? Bill? He’s all right, *but* —! ”

## NATURE'S STUDIO

Go where the winds keep vigil o'er the trees,  
Rocking the tender saplings in the breeze;  
Go where the sunbeams play on rill and stream,  
Making the purling waters all agleam;  
Go where the birds rehearse their songs and trills  
In cool retreats, led by the Whippoorwills;  
Go where the bees, midst clover blooms, indulge  
Their honey habit till their bellies bulge;  
Go where the trout, in alder-arbored brooks,  
Abate their hunger but eschew the hooks;  
Go where the flowers, by fairy weavers spun,  
Pour out their grateful incense to the Sun;  
Go where the deer in secret nooks disport  
And Nature, clad in verdure, holds her Court;  
Go where — nay, stay! Yonder the artist stands,  
With brush and prisms palette in her hands,  
Before her easel, where the canvas seems  
A masterpiece in wondrous color schemes.  
What artistry! What fascinating views  
Dame Nature paints! Behold the rainbow hues  
That tint the dainty flowers and make the rose  
Blush to its sepals when it seeks repose;  
That tinge the moors and fields and turquoise sky,  
And stain the Autumn leaves with crimson dye!  
So tarry here, where moss and bluebells grow  
Upon the floor of Nature's Studio!

## PICARDY

With heads uncovered and with cautious tread  
Approach ye here! where lie our martyred dead  
In graves unmarked, here, there and everywhere:  
So lest, ashamed, ye trample them, beware!

## AMERICA'S PRAYER

God bless our Allies! damn the Huns!  
And consecrate our swords and guns!



## EPILOGUE

They say that a stitch that is timely saves nine:  
You haven't your needle? O, well then, take mine;  
And all my Dream Outfit — my pipe and my dope!  
I've smoked my last hemp *to the end of my rope.*









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